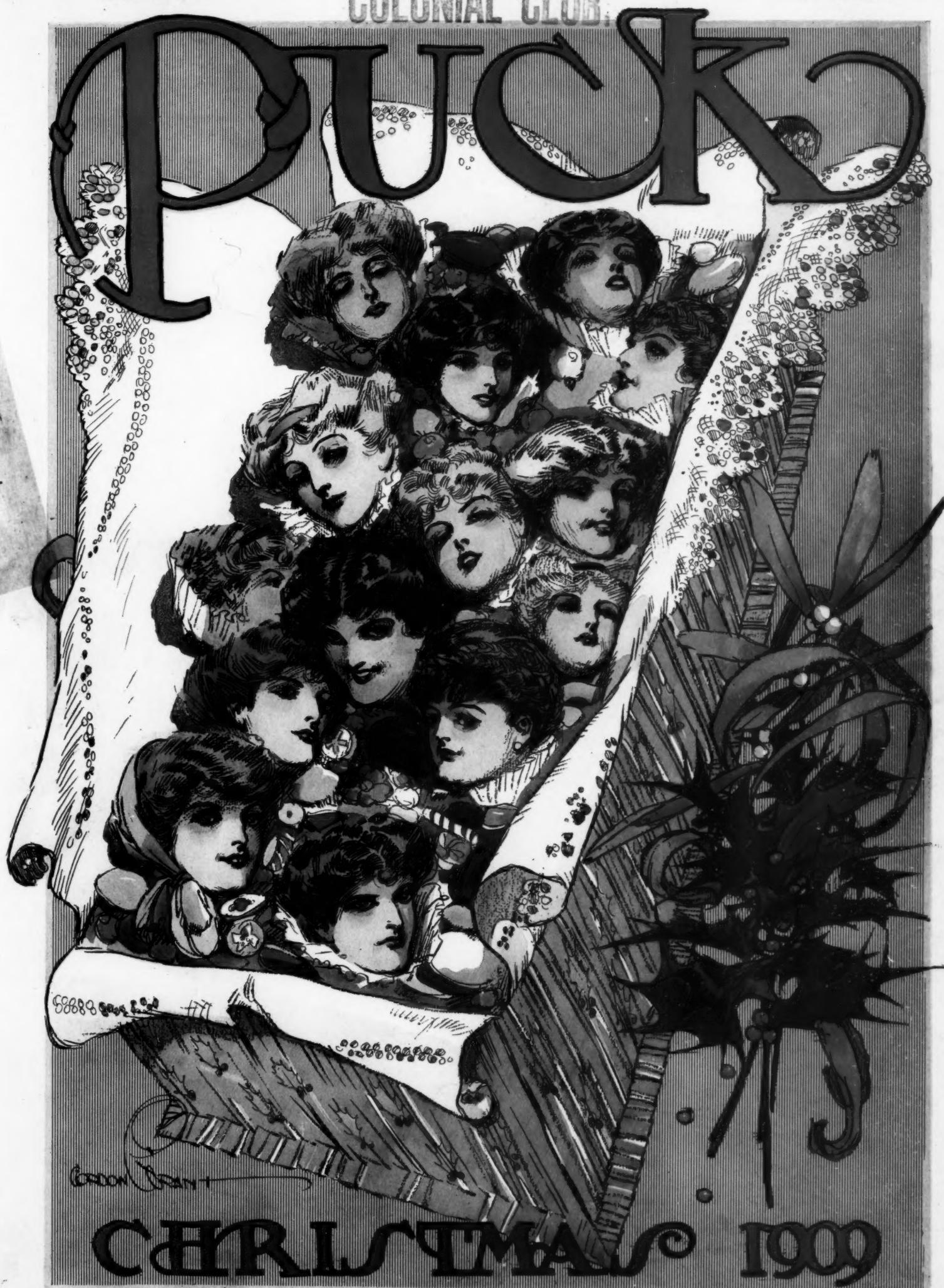


PUCK BUILDING, New York,
December 1st, 1909.

COLONIAL CLUB.

VOL. LXVI. No. 1709.
PRICE 25 CENTS.



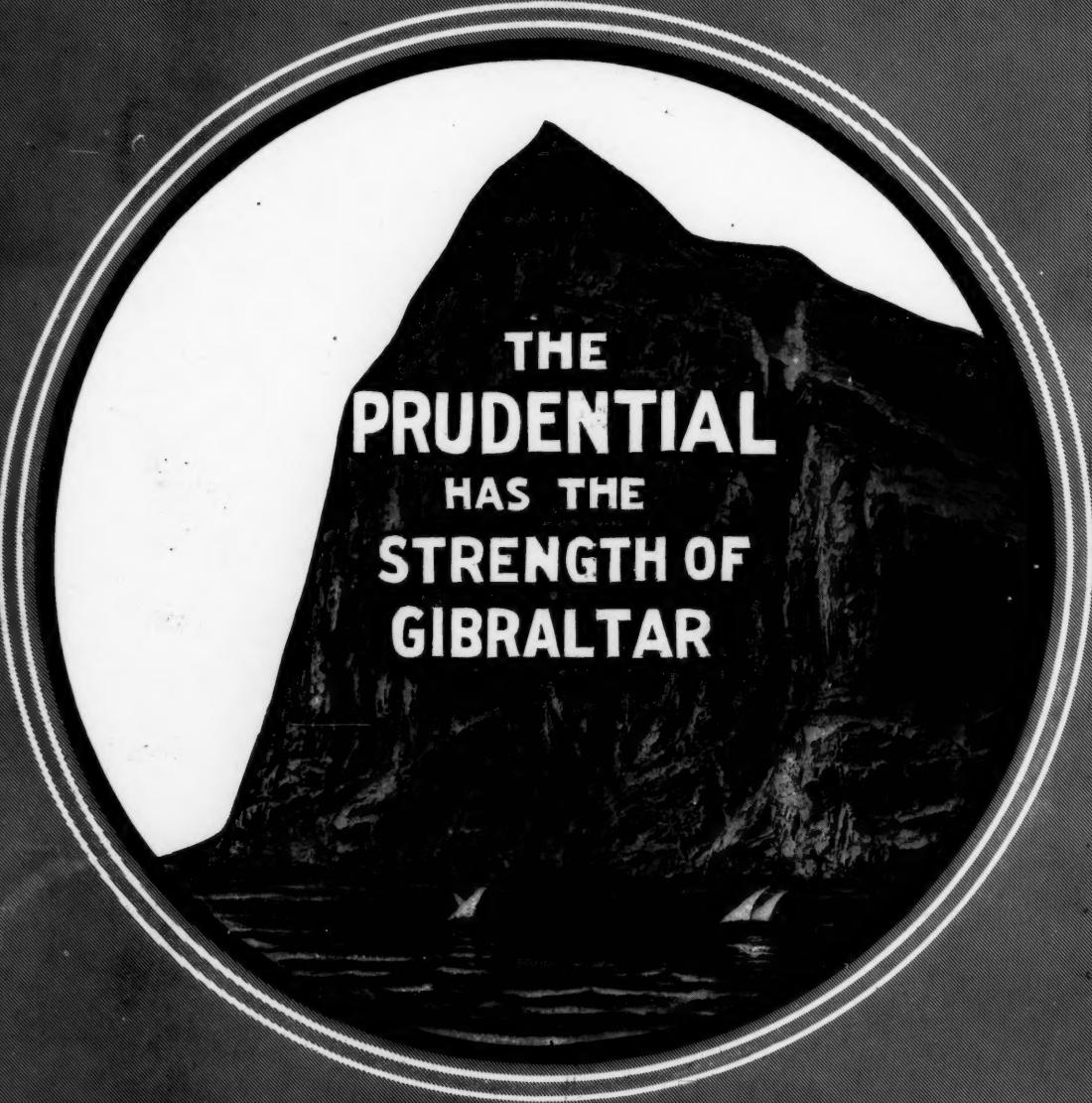
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A
BOTTLED
DELIGHT

Club Cocktails



Precede Your Christmas Dinner

with a good old-fashioned toast and pledge the day in a delicious, fragrant CLUB COCKTAIL. It makes the most delicately stimulating and enjoyable appetizer for the Yuletide festivities.

CLUB COCKTAILS are an expert blend of fine old liquors each measure-mixed to exact proportions and aged to an incomparable mellowness. No mixing experience in the world can duplicate their even exquisite flavor. Just strain through cracked ice and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York London

PUCK'S ILLUMINATED CHRISTMAS CARD

Those of our readers who, in former years, have made their friends a **CHRISTMAS PRESENT** of a year's Subscription to PUCK, will be glad to learn that we are still issuing our Handsome Presentation Card. It is designed by the well-known artist, Mr. F. A. Nankivell, and is a beautiful example of color printing.

The Best Christmas Present— A Year's Subscription to Puck and Puck's Christmas Card

Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as a **SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT**, but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card, of which the above reduced sketch gives the design in outline.



This card, (size 7 1/2 x 5 3/4 inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of the giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give;
To send by mail to distant dear ones;
To put in the stocking, or to lay under the Xmas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a **SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT**. Address, PUCK, NEW YORK.

NOT ON THE ARM.

It was at a dinner party. The bright young man sat next to the young woman with beautiful arms and neck. The fair companion suddenly exhibited signs of nervousness. Two of his best jokes passed unnoticed. Her face wore a look of alarm.

"I am in misery," she said.

"In misery?" echoed the man.

"Yes. I was vaccinated the other day, and it has taken beautifully. I can almost scream, it hurts so."

The young man looked at the beautiful arms; no signs there.

"Why, where were you vaccinated?" he asked surprisedly.

"In Boston," she said, the smile chasing away the look of pain.—*National Magazine*.



HO, FOR A DAY IN THE FIELDS!

Whistle that eager pointer to heel, furbish up gun and shooting contraptions, get a good friend that will "go the route," and spend a day in "God's all out-of-doors." You may not get any birds, but if you have a flask of "Old I. W." along you won't miss the best part of the fun.

"OLD I. W." HARPER - Louisville



EVE'S DAUGHTERS.

—*Fliegende Blätter*.

RETURNED EXPLORER.—Yes, the cold was so intense at the Pole we had to be very careful not to pet our dogs.

MISS YOUNGTHING.—Indeed! Why was that?

RETURNED EXPLORER.—You see, their tails were frozen stiff, and if they wagged them they would break off.—*Boston Transcript*.

Wanted to buy or exchange all kinds of **American Indian Relics or Beadwork**

ADDRESS BOX 3, PUCK, NEW YORK

"De Villers has quit scorching."
"Machine all in?"
"Nope; he's dead."
"Oh, that does n't prove anything."
—*Harper's Weekly*.

HE.—There's one thing I will say you make quite as well as your mother used to make it.

SHE.—What's that?

HE.—Trouble.—*Jersey City Journal*.

"It is said that impetuous people have black eyes."

"Yes, and if they don't have them they are apt to get them!"—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

LIQUEUR

Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

FOR CENTURIES THE
GRAND FINALE TO THE
WORLD'S BEST DINNERS

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Bücher & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.



FIRST ESKIMO WIFE.—The North Pole has been discovered.

SECOND ESKIMO WIFE.—I'm glad of that; for now when my husband comes home late he can't give me that old excuse about being out looking for it.—*New York Times*.

"Do you get out of life all there is in it?" inquired the optimist.

"Naw," replied the pessimist. "There's plenty of money in circulation that I can't seem to annex."—*Courier-Journal*.

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By E. Frederick.

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A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

By Carl Hassmann.

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BLATZ

THE
FINEST
BEER
EVER
BREWED

*Ask for it at the Club, Cafe
or Buffet
Insist on "Blatz"
Correspondence invited direct*

DEFINED.

"Dad, what kind of a bureau is a matrimonial bureau?"

"Oh, any bureau that has two drawers full of women's fixings and one man's tie in it." — *Houston Post*.

ST. PETER (to APPLICANT).—What was your business when on earth?

APPLICANT.—Editor of a newspaper.

ST. PETER.—Big circulation, of course?

APPLICANT.—No, small; smallest in the county.

ST. PETER.—Pick out your harp.—*Epoch*.

CONTENTED.

"Helen," said her mother, "if you are naughty you can't go to heaven."

"Well," said Helen, "I can't expect to go everywhere. I went to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' once, and to the circus twice." — *The Housekeeper*.

"ARE you fond of looking at the stars?" asked Miss Boston, turning to her companion, between the acts at a Broadway theatre.

"Well, yes," answered the engaging young man; "but as a rule the chorus is good enough for me." — *Lippincott's*.

MR. TUMP.—I comes home fum de lodge last night wid sawt of a wavy motion, and my wife kotch me by de neck, flung me 'crost de footboa'd o' de bed, and beat and mauled me world widout eend, mighty night!

MR. SASSON.—Huht yo', sah?

MR. TUMP.—Huht me? Uh-well, sah, dess lemme say dat the lady did n't 'minister no laughin'-gas to me befo' she 'saulted me! — *Baltimore Sun*.



No one who smokes SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights.

The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

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GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES



IN THE LAST ANALYSIS.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"What is an ultimate consumer?"

"Oh, the ultimate consumer, my boy, is the one that gets the hash." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

EDITOR.—Did you interview the leader of the suffragettes?

REPORTER.—I tried to, but she would n't talk.

EDITOR.—Would n't talk? Good heavens, man, was she dead? — *Circle Magazine*.

"My wife didn't believe I was helpin' decorate for the celebration, and she met me at the door last night with frost in both eyes."

"Did you run?"

"Run! I aviated!" — *St. Louis Republic*.



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MORE FOOTBALL RESULTS.

JOCK.—Th' Sco'sh ha' woon, lassie!

JEAN.—So I see.

—Punch.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

HALF THE COST
OF IMPORTED

Of the six American Champagnes exhibited, GREAT WESTERN was the Only One Awarded the Gold Medal at Paris Exposition, 1900.

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LIFEBOUY

SOAP



FOR TOILET, BATH AND SHAMPOO

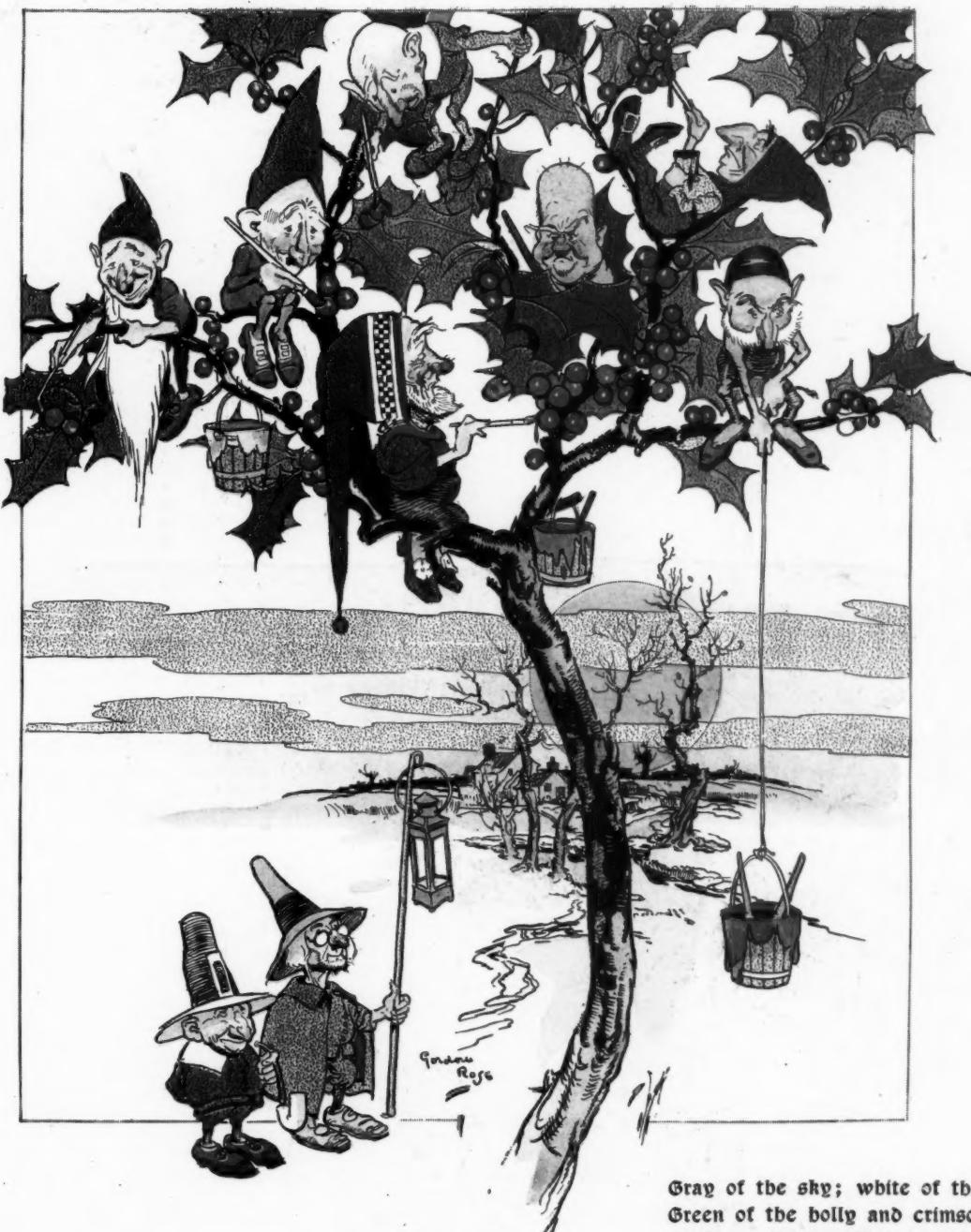
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Lifebuoy Soap has "that clean smell" which distinguishes it from ordinary soaps. The odor of Lifebuoy associates itself with utter clean-ness and wholesomeness.

5c at Your Grocer's

LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

Cambridge, Mass.



Gray of the sky; white of the snow;
Green of the holly and crimson below;
Mistletoe thefts, (Nobody tells!)

Lilting of carols and jingling of bells!

Ho! Ho!

Heigho!

It's the jolly Santa Season,
Time for rhyme but not for reason;
Folly's wisdom, sorrow's treason—

Heigho!

Christmas!

GRANDMA'S DIARY.



DECEMBER, 1862.

Monday morning went a-skating
On the ice with Thomas Brown.
Tuesday night we took a sleigh-ride;
All the boys and girls in town
Laughed and sang; the sleigh bells jingled
Merry tunes; and William Small
Slyly squeezed my hand and whispered
"You're the sweetest girl of all."
Wednesday night I gave a party;
Sue Jones said (it wasn't so)
That she saw me very plainly
Making sheep's-eyes at her beau;
Thursday went to town for mother;
Friday to a quilting bee.
Saturday to choir practice—
Susie's beau came after me.
How she glared when we came walking
Up the aisle, but what of that?
Went to service twice on Sunday;
Wore my lovely purple hat.



DECEMBER, 1909.

I told my grandchild Marguerite
I think 'tis very shocking
That girls are never taught these days
To heel and toe a stocking.
Their heads are filled with foolish things,
They're very vain and silly.
I see her from the window now,—
She's flirting there with Billy.
When I was young the boys and girls
Were taught to know their places;
But nowadays girls primp and dress
And deck themselves with laces.
They have a beau for every night
And seem to deem it clever.
I think it is a sinful sight,
I never did it—never!

Florence Goff Schwarz.

PUCK



SIX OF ONE AND HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

THE DESERTED COMRADES.



Now Daniel Boone he jerked his head
And smote his leathered knee;
"We took the trail last night," he said,
"Together — him and me;
We trapped and camped and fought and sent
Our shots partic'lar straight
From after supper 'till he went
To bed at half-past eight.
A truer lad you never spy
For rollick or for row;
And so I says again, says I,
Where has he got to now?"

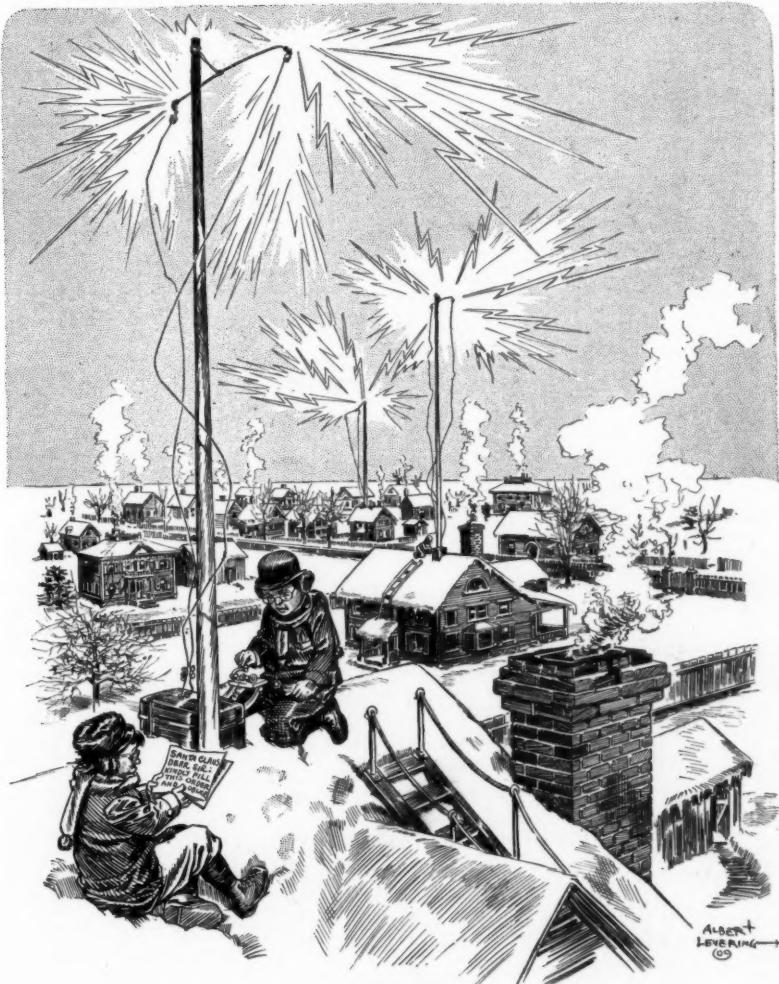
And Davy Crockett frowned a frown
And scowled uncommon grim:
"It's Tuesday week that we was down
In Texas, me and him;
In Texas in the Border War
With Bowie knives and guns
A-cheerin' for the old Lone Star
And fightin' Mexicuns.
And he was with me
every bit
Until he had to go
To bed — one page be-
fore we fit
There in the Alamo."

And old Kit Carson
swallowed hard,
And said: "Gol durn
the breed!
That little fella's been
my pard
Since fust he learned
to read!
We've traileed the plains
and Rockies, too,
And climbed 'em height on
height;
Why, us two guided Freemount through
A week ago to-night.
We've hid from Injuns sleeve by sleeve;
We've hunted b'ar and deer:
I never thought he'd go and leave
His pardner like this here."

*Ab, Daniel — Daniel — Davy — Kit — it's bitter
hard to tell,
But best of pardners yet must part, and so it's
fare-you-well;
There's other boys will tramp your trails and
bear your flintlocks roar,
And save your lives from grizzly-b'ars, but
never him no more;
There's other boys will guard your backs and
scalp the Injin slain,
Or sit and smoke the pipe of peace, but never
him again!*

*It was his mother baled him forth to join the
dancing-class,
And deep he looked into the eyes of one alluring
lass: —
And he's forgot the camp and trail and quest
of Great Desire,
And he's dreaming Love and Moonshine now
beside the parlor fire.*

HORATIO WINSLOW.



A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

WITH ALL EXCEPT VERY OLD-FASHIONED CHILDREN, THE WIRELESS
HAS SUPERSEDED THE MAIL-BOX.



It is very difficult to get along with the man who thinks he's a vaudeville artist every time he hears a phonograph.



HOST AND GUEST.

THE house party habit is distinctly an American acquisition. The American host and guest have reduced entertaining to its simplest terms. They are professionals. We speak of the lost art of Play, but Entertainment has become a science. Therefore there should be a distinct code to be observed by both the entertainer and the entertained. We print below an epitome of our observations in the field.

THE MALE GUEST.

The guest should remember that he has, no matter how modest his acquirements, a certain reputation to support, existing in the minds of his host and hostess—or more frequently in that of his hostess alone. He is either "so clever, you know", "such a restful person", "tactful in the extreme", "so long-suffering", "a good foil for frivolity", or "quite a harmless old thing", even if he boast not definite accomplishments in any branch of Sport nor be "a delightful mountebank."

FEMALE.

The above sentiment applies, adapted to feminine peculiarities, the guest being either "such a pretty girl", "so witty", "poor girl, she may catch some one yet" or "no especial personality, but fits in anywhere", "Bridge!", "Those killing stories of hers!", etc.

GENERAL REMARKS.

At least one violent flirtation, not necessarily resulting in an engagement, but rather presupposing one, is considered the proper thing among house-party guests under forty.

On entering the house, guests must remove their right shoes and, after first pressing their right feet upon an ink pad provided for that purpose, make their "footographs" upon the Guest Doormat. This is the latest evolution of the Guest Book. The Doormat is supplied with ten-fold renewable surfaces which may thereafter be torn off and decorate the walls of hall or den.

A certain fund should be deposited on arrival with that servant in authority as Bursar (usually the butler), to cover Bridge losses and service fees.

All guests, especially week-end guests, are expected to acquit themselves at least moderately well at the following amusements, when in season, over and above card games: Tennis, Golf, Blind Man's Buff, Duck on the

Rock, Eye Spy, Hunt the Thimble, Pool and Billiards, Red Lion, Croquet, Squash, Eenie-meenie-miney-mo, Hypnotism and Accompaniments on Fingerbowls.

Guests must be able to talk didactically on at least five of the following subjects: Psychical Phenomena, Evolution, Religion, The

President, Politics, Childhood, Buddhism as opposed to Atheism, Woman Suffrage, The Six Best Sellers, The Future of the Theatre and The Man (or Woman) of The Hour.

Any guest who sings, plays, spins yarns or does parlor tricks should be prepared to exhibit his or her accomplishment at any hour of the day or night. This applies also to guests who can wiggle their scalps or blow smoke through their ears.

No married guests are allowed to bring babies or pets of any kind. This is final.

Older guests must be nerve-proof against boiler-shop racket or the pandemonium of the Pit.

Silence for more than two minutes will impose a heavy fine upon any guest.

If guests cannot dance they must be able to whisper soft nothings or hold hands in discreet corners.

HOSTS.

The host must remember that he is a supernumerary. If there is a hostess she is in charge, if not, the guests as a body.

The host must pass cigars and repeatedly refresh his smile of benignity. He retains one right only, that of pressing guest-volumes and pencils upon any guest at any moment with the smiling request

for "Just one of those clever things you say."

The host must be prepared for being blindfolded in all games of chance, to leap purposeless voids, have his face smeared with burnt cork and crawl about on hands and knees in various inventive simulations. He must also act as curtain-raiser, announcer, and applause for any charades or private theatricals.

His side-board must be at the disposal of the men, and his stock of compliments for the ladies must never

run low. He should play foil to any talent present.

Engaged couples are no longer eligible for invitations, but if any such creep in by mistake, he is expected to favour them with fatuous attentions. After the last guest has departed the host may take a stiff and long drink.

Wm. R. Benét.



WHEN THE STORKS WENT OUT—BREAKING THE STRIKE.

The greater the truth the greater the likelihood that the few who see it first will be set down as lunatics.

Ballad of ye Chivalrous Knighte



Ye Knighte rodde home from ye Crusade
All clad in battered maile.
He'd been upon ye Eastern Raide
To seek ye Holy Graile.
Beside ye roade he met ye Maide
Who loude didd weep and waile.

Ye good Sir Knighte reined in his steede:
Before ye Maide he bent:
"Odzounds!" spake he; "Fair Maide, what
neede
To make such loude lament?
Tell me who didd ye evill deede—
I'll make ye knave repent!"

"Oh, Sir! A Rogue kiss'd me at play,
And loud I weape and waile.
Ah, bolde Sir Knighte, ride not away
But listen to my tale;
Ye Knave who didd me wrong to-day
Abideth in yon Vale."

"Great Jerusalem! Can such be
So near to London Towne?
Is this that lande of Chivalree
Bolde Richard gave renown?
Maide, point you Villein out to me
And I will ride him down!"

"Sir Knighte," quoth she, "Oh, thou art
bolde,
But ride you on your waye,
For he whom ye wold fight, I'm told,
A Knighte dothe kill each daye,
And thou dost carry gems and golde
Too heavy for such fraye."

"Gadzooks, Fair Maide, but I will feast
Upon his sin-blacke hearte!
Forsooth! I'll soon unload ye beast,
And thou bide where thou art
To guarde ye Treasure of ye Easte
When forth to fighte I start!"

All clade in Steele from spur to Creste
Forth rode ye brave Sir Knight,
With Visor downe and Lance at reste,
The bolde Barone to fighte—
While ye Maide with ye Treasure Cheste,
Stoode sobbing in her Frighte.

Ye Knighte didd hunte ye Vale below;
No Varlet didd he spy.
"Odds Blood!" he swore, "he's fled, I trow!
He'd rather run than die.
What Boots! I'll take ye Maide and go—
My Castle is hard by."

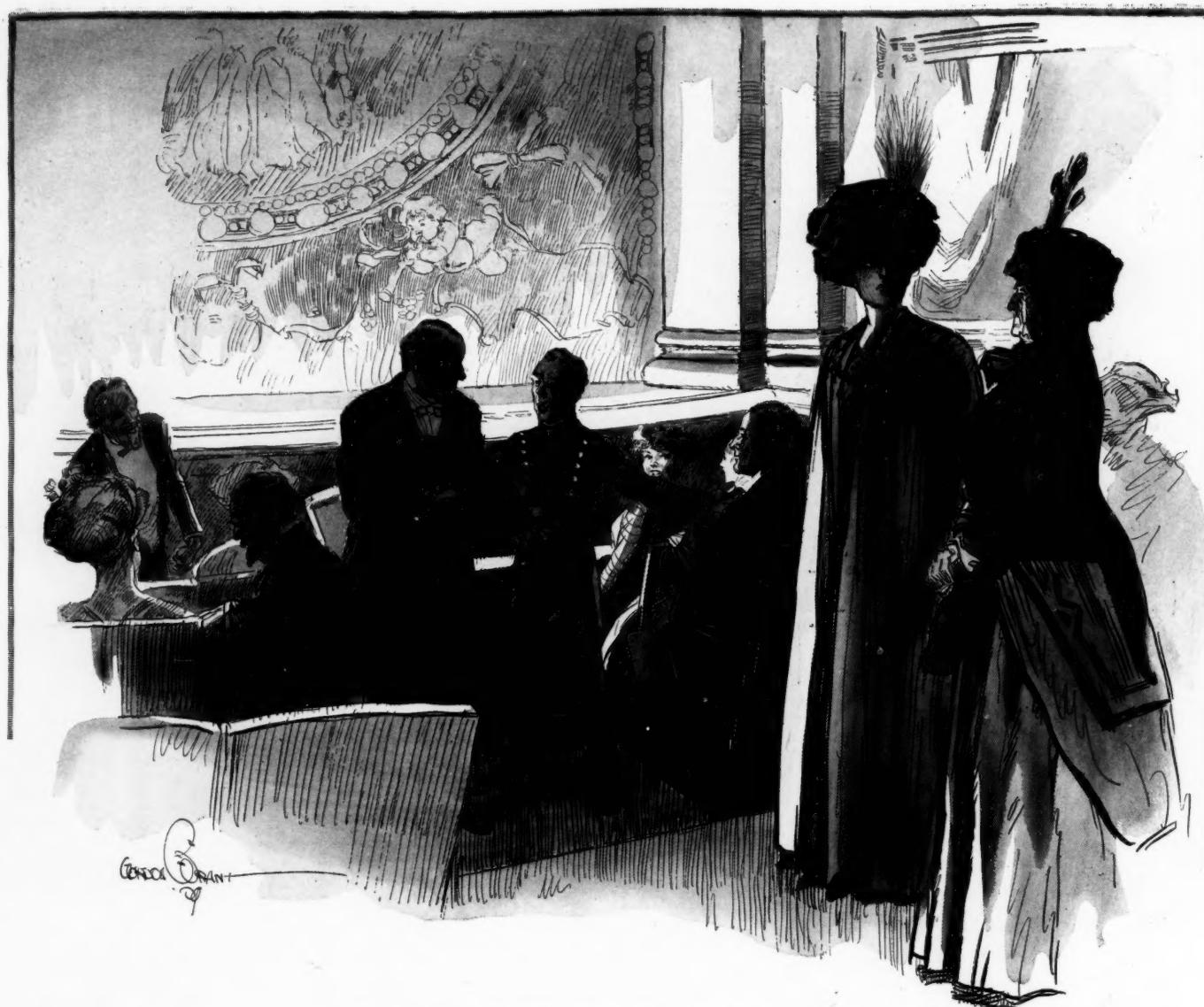
"Ye Devil's Horns! Ye Maide has fled!"
Ye Knighte his hands he wrung;
Gone all my golde and rubies red!
!!! ***!!?% % *!!\$ & *???" ***\$!
Black oaths fell frone his tongue;
No Varlet wrong'd that Wenche. Instead,
Gadzooks! Once more I'm stunge!"

Don Cameron Shafer.



—L.M.G.—

L.M.G.LACKENS



THE RIGHT SEATS, BUT THE WRONG NIGHT.

WHAT SHALL I GIVE THEM?

MRS. MAGGIE E. BANGSTER ELUCIDATES THE SCIENCE OF
CHRISTMAS-GIFT SELECTION.

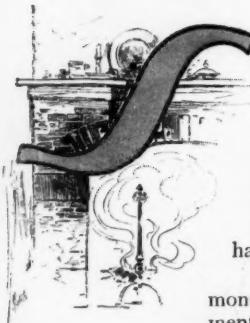
URPRISE is the keynote of a successful Christmas gift. If you would please the recipient, give him or her something you know they would never think of buying for themselves.

For instance, for a child between the ages of two and four years do not buy a mechanical toy or a doll. Instead buy him a nice safety-razor in a leather case. The child will be surprised and consequently delighted. He cannot but recognize that you have invention and initiative.

Boys from fifteen to eighteen years of age have pocket-money with which they buy themselves rifles, musical instruments, books, etc. If you would make them a successful gift, give them something novel—a nursing-bottle or a rattlebox. They would never think of buying themselves either of these.

If you are looking for a gift for a gouty uncle, I can suggest nothing more appropriate than a pair of ice-skates or a motor-cycle. Cigars he probably buys himself, but a pair of skates or a motor-cycle never. They will come as a surprise.

Men looking for a gift for their wives would do poorly to purchase a hat, a new set of furs, or a diamond brooch. Surprise her



—buy her a pair of rubber boots, a reel of garden-hose, or a wheelbarrow.

Wise women will buy their husbands neither a box of cigars nor a cravat. For Christmas give him a bottle of heliotrope perfume or a pink-silk vest. These he would never think of getting for himself.

Don Kahn.

THE TENDER PASSION.

NO MATTER what the sages say,
When life is rough and full of bumps,
There's nothing that can smooth the way
Like holding hands when hearts are trumps!

WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT HIS STORY.

HIS FELLOW CONTRIBUTOR.—“Biffs must have an awful pull with the editor to get this junk accepted.”

A READER OF THE MAGAZINE.—“What's the use of clerking? I believe I'll take up authorship myself.”

HIS FIANCÉE.—“Doesn't Harold write just wonderfully? I'm sure his work will live with Shakespeare's.”

THE AUTHOR HIMSELF.—“It's a mighty fine piece of first-class fiction. I'll bet the editor was glad to get my stuff.”

THE EDITOR.—“I know it's rotten, but what can I do when copy is coming in slow? I've got to fill up with something.”

We never realize how little we are understood by our friends until we contemplate the presents they give us at Christmas.

HOW IT BEGAN.



AN was experiencing his first ache.

"It warns me," he reasoned, "that I have violated a law of my nature, and puts me on my guard against doing so again."

But just here he happened to discover some anodyne herb which put an end to the ache.

"Ha! I needn't trouble, after all,—I can go on and do as I please!" he exclaimed, highly thanking his lucky stars.

And from such beginnings rose the great art of healing.

A HIGH DAY.

"YASSAH! I suttin'ly would do dat job for yo', Cuhnel, and proud o'de chance to extinguish muhse'f — would hooraw right in on it dis minute, sah, if 'twuzn't for one thing," said a certain lop-sided colored citizen who was so unafraid of manual labor that he would often fall asleep in its presence. "And dat is, sah, dat I never likes to stigmatize muhse'f by workin' on a hollerday."

"Why, this is not a holiday," returned the would-be employer.

"Yassah! 'Tis, wid me, if yo'll dess 'skuse me, sah. It's de university o' de day muh oldest boy was done sent to de Penitency."



ROMAN ANECDOTE.

THEY met in an Appian Way cigar store.

"Good morning, Caius," said the first Roman citizen.

"Good morning, Lucius."

"What is the news?"

"Of a verity, I know none."

"Hast heard the vaunting wish of our emperor, Caligula?"

"Hast not."

"Last night at a revel, he wished that the Roman populace had but one neck, that he might sever it at a single blow."

"A fine ambition, truly."

"Is it not? But hast heard the wish of the empress, his noble consort?"

"Nay, I am but a back number. Tell me the wish of the empress."

"She wished that the dome of the Capitol were composed of felt or some such substance, that she might wear it as a hat and so put all other 1909 models on the complete blink."

"Bacchus defend us!"

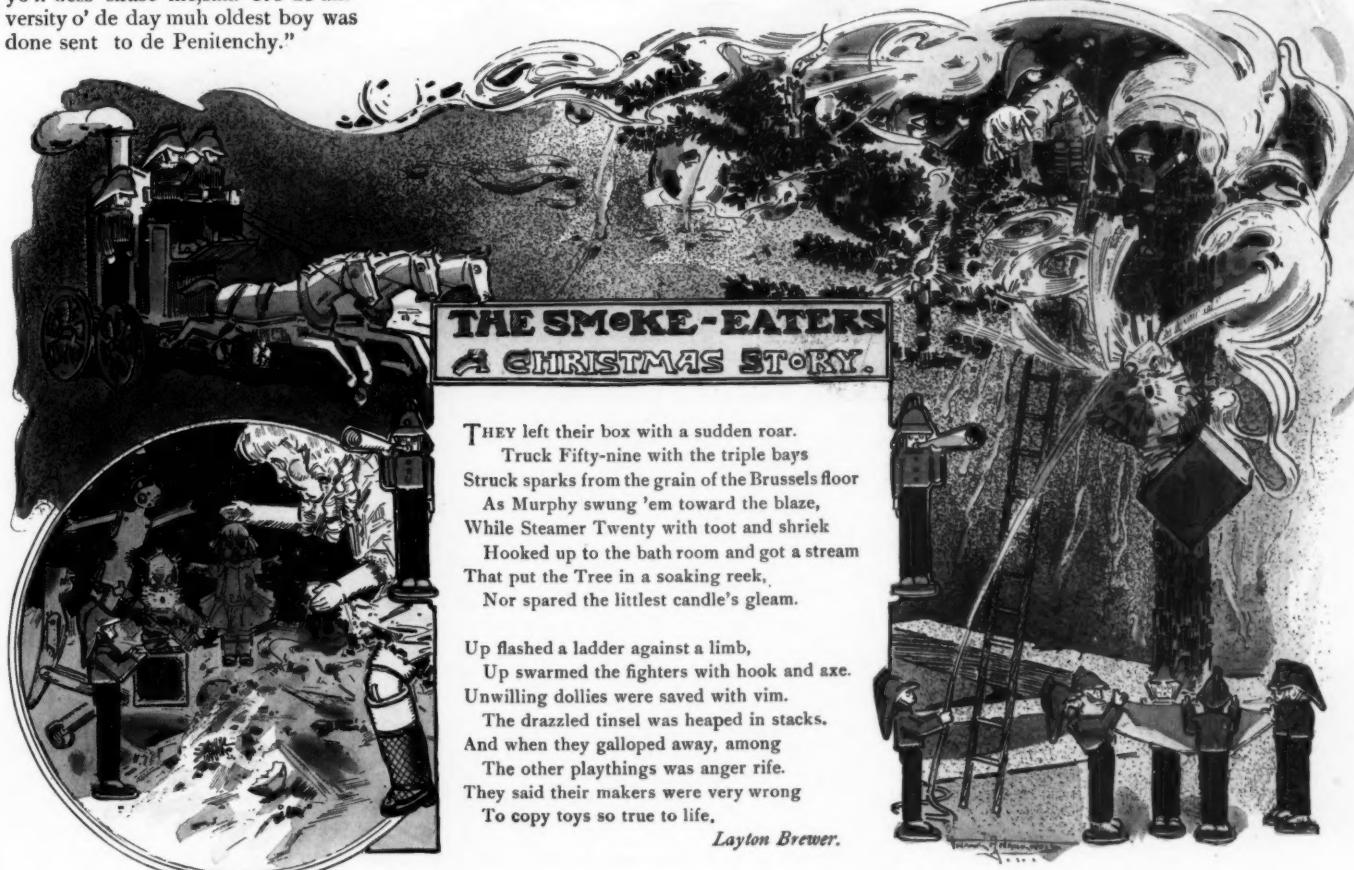
"So say I, Caius, my boy."

Whereupon both Roman citizens made off in the direction of a nameless place renowned for its Falernian. *Will S. Adkins*

POST MORTEM PEEVISHNESS.

DANTE.—You look downcast, Bill. What's the matter?

SHAKESPEARE.—Oh, a lot! I see by the paper that every time there is a successful play up on earth nowadays, the author novelizes it. Why didn't *I* think of that graft!



A MARVEL OF HEREDITY.



"CHARLES," said his wife, straightening a ruffle in that calm way characteristic of a married lady whose word is law, "I wish you would go upstairs at once and see what in the world ails the cat—I never knew Thomas to cry so—it's not strictly safe for him to be in the room with baby anyway—and he'll certainly wake him up, and sometimes cats really injure—" But young Mr. Charles Simpson was on his way to his first-born son.

Young Mrs. Simpson was aware that the meowing ceased suddenly. She heard young Mr. Simpson deliver a deadly blow to some article of furniture in the darkness; this was followed by a low-spoken but earnest "damn!" which rang through the semi-darkness of their suburban cottage home.

Presently, young Mr. Simpson came downstairs again.

"Thomas," he said, rubbing his knee,—"Thomas is not there. James," he continued, referring to their infant son, "had his eyes wide open, but shut them up and went to sleep as soon as I lighted the gas."

Young Mr. Simpson had but finished speaking when a startling

their chubby-faced son, and then about the room. Thomas was not to be seen. He was not to be found. "Look under the bureau," said Mrs. Simpson. Nothing was there.

"Back of the portieres!" she commanded.

"There's no cat in the whole outfit!" said Simpson, mopping his brow busily. At that instant a penetrating "Mee-ow!" came from beneath baby's crib. Mrs. Simpson glared at him. Simpson dropped to all fours like a shot and grabbed wildly beneath the crib. He seized nothing at all, and rose to his feet with the veins standing out on his forehead.

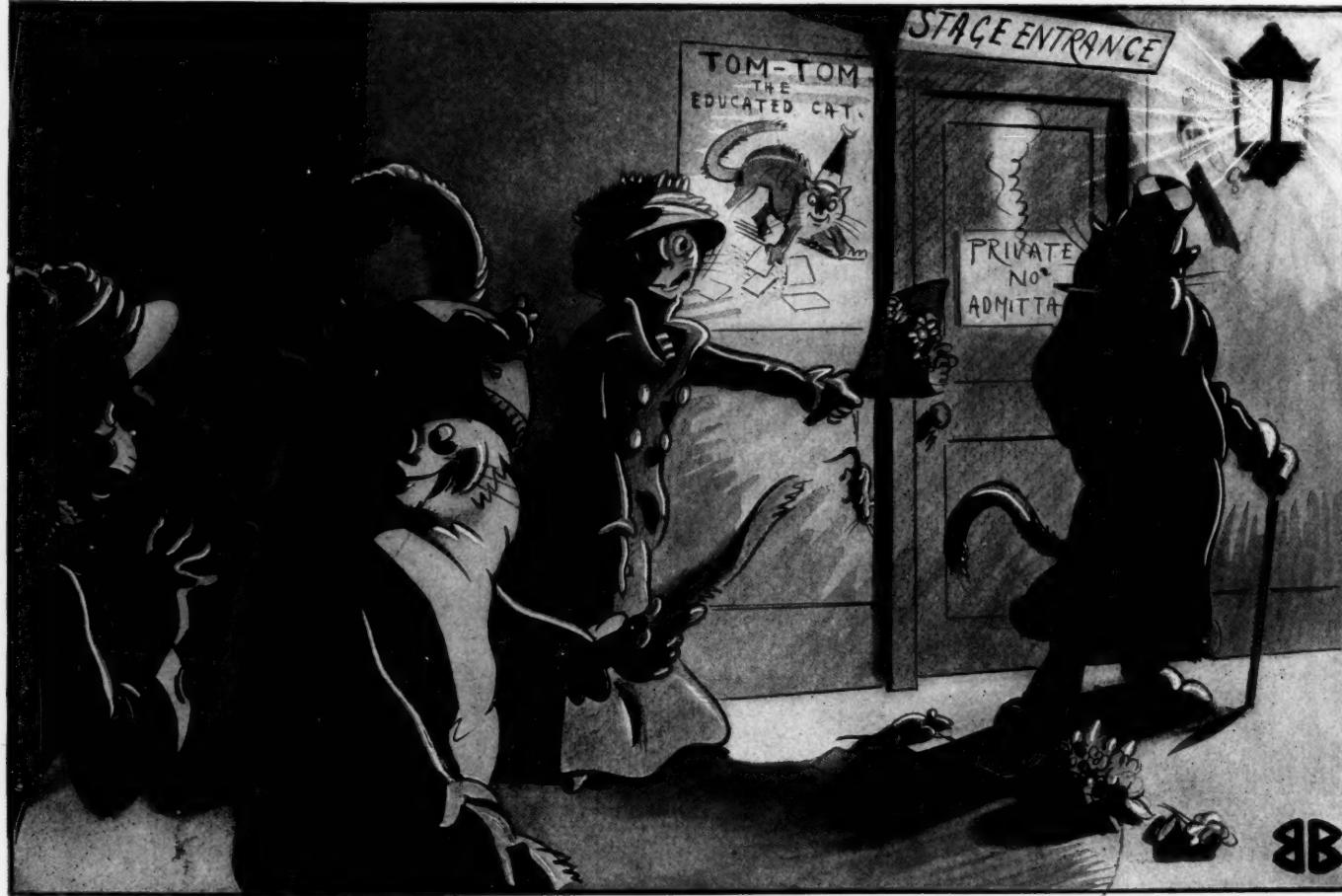
"You let him get away!" said Mrs. Simpson, in a tone of disgust and wifely reproach.

"I suppose you saw him when he went!" said Simpson; "had a band with him, and was escorted by a regiment, wasn't he?"

"Charles, don't you speak in that way—you needn't vent your anger on me—clumsy man! The idea of letting him escape when he was right under your nose—the IDEA!"

"That's right!" said Simpson, sitting limply on the couch; "blame me!"

"Probably," said Mrs. Simpson, in a freezing tone, "the cat is under the couch where you are now sitting."



"ALL THE GIRLS ARE WILD ABOUT HIM."

series of me-ows floated down the stairs to them. "Me-ow! Me-ow! Mee-ow—rhn—mee-ow-ow!" observed Thomas (who was a very black cat in the dark).

"Why, Charles!" commented Mrs. Simpson, as though she had caught Mr. Simpson in a lie.

"Me-ow, mee-mee-ow!" quoth the cat upstairs, in a tone of charming mellow ness. He seemed to be enjoying himself.

"How extremely careless of you!" declared Mrs. Simpson, as she gathered her skirts and made for the stairs in that confident, assertive manner adopted by ladies who are about to prove that somebody is entirely wrong. Mr. Simpson followed the swish-swish of his wife's rapidly ascending figure. Entering the room at her heels he turned up the gas again, and they looked, first upon

Simpson reached under it—"He is Not."

A gentle "Mee-ow" rose from the far corner of the room. Simpson dashed across to the corner. It was empty.

"He went downstairs," observed Mrs. Simpson.

"Me-ow!" This came right from baby's crib. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson stood over their infant son. He was quite awake, and a cherubic smile played upon his young countenance.

Presently he curled his toes comfortably, and went to sleep. His parents watched the process. They went downstairs, and were deep in thought, when a pretty series of "me-ows" floated down again. Simpson went upstairs on the run. Mrs. Simpson followed. There was no cat, nor any sign of any cat. They returned, each darkly suspecting the other of downright idiocy. . . .

And if at first you do succeed, don't quit trying.

PUCK

At ten o'clock that evening, when Simpson went down cellar to fix the furnace for the night, Thomas, the proud and elegant cat of the household, was found by said Simpson comfortably sleeping beside the furnace. Mr. Simpson reported the fact to his wife.

"His mee-ow came up through the furnace pipes," she said, brightly.

"Sure," said Simpson.

Two nights later, there was an intermittent me-ow concert in the baby's room. This concert was wholly unexplainable by the furnace pipe method. Not only did Simpson and Mrs. Simpson search the baby's room and the cellar, and every other room in the cottage; but they discovered Thomas waiting out of doors at the back door to be let in after the search was all over. Simpson stroked his handsome fur, as he sat in a disconsolate attitude in an easy-chair by his reading-lamp, thinking it over. "I'll tell

you," he said, weakly, "I suppose the darn cat sat beside the cold-air box out doors, and sang his little song, and the wind was just right, and —"

At that moment, a long-drawn "mee-ow" floated down from upstairs. Unmistakably it came from upstairs.

"There's a strange cat in this house — that's what!" cried Mrs. Simpson.

"By thunder!" said Simpson, savagely, "we'll see." He hurriedly shut Thomas into the china closet, and was close at his wife's heels up stairs. All was quiet. No cat. Positively no. They both looked everywhere. At last, they stood by their smiling infant son, whose little eyes were blinking good-naturedly. An agonized "Mee-ow!" came from beneath the very crib clothes. Mrs. Simpson stripped them off, and the baby set up a howl. But there was no cat.

Simpson's hand ran madly through his hair — it was auburn hair, and looked particularly dis-

pleased when disturbed — and Simpson declared: "I tell you there's something dangerous. We're haunted — the whole darn house, and kid, and crib is haunted — something is going to HAPPEN!"

At this instant the cheeks of Simpson Junior bulged convulsively, and a clear, earnest "Mee-ow!" came from — Simpson Junior!

"What in thunder —," began Mr. Simpson.

Light, a sad, wan light, illuminated the features of Mrs. Simpson. "Charles," she said, "you may remember that you rehearsed that Amateur Ventriloquist act of yours

for the minstrel show, and made me listen to it every night for about two months before —"

"Before baby was born," gasped Simpson.

"Yes," said Mrs. Simpson, "and baby is an Amateur Ventriloquist — that's all!"

"Good Lord!" said Simpson. *Fred. Ladd.*

REMINDED.

HE PLACED a ring on her finger. "Now you will not go out with anybody else, will you, dear?" he asked.

"No," she said, sweetly; "when they ask me I'll say I have something on hand!"

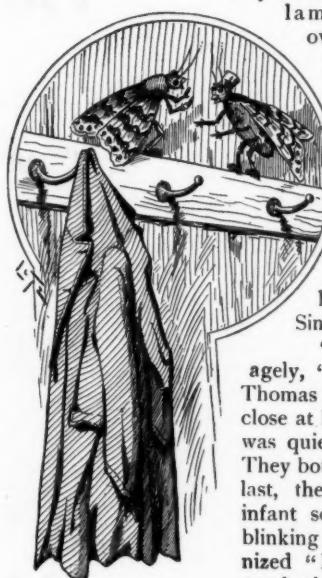
ARCHAIC.

THE polls had just opened in Sodom, and the City of the Plain was agog because of the exciting

political race between Graft, son of Grab the Holdite, and Rake, son of Take the Plunderite, for city treasurer.

Lot, walking down Gomorrah Avenue, met Graft the Holdite. "What are votes worth to-day, Graft?" asked Lot, jocularly, digging the Holdite in the ribs.

This is the first authentic perpetration of this ancient and honorable joke.



EVEN THE BUGS.

STRIKE PICKET (Wool Gnawers' Union). — Hey, you moth! Keep away from this coat; it was made in a non-union sweatshop!



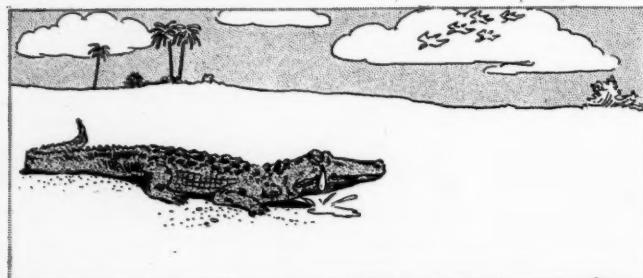
THE MESSAGE WE NEVER GOT.



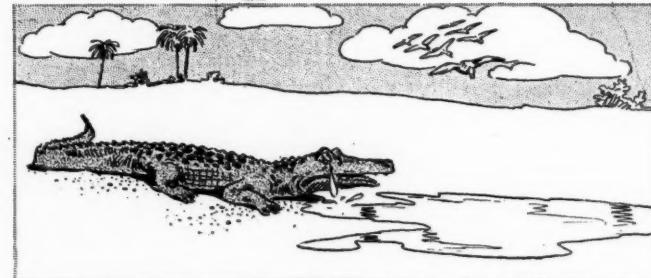
PRESTO!

"My next feat, ladies and gentlemen, will be the celebrated East Indian Egg trick."

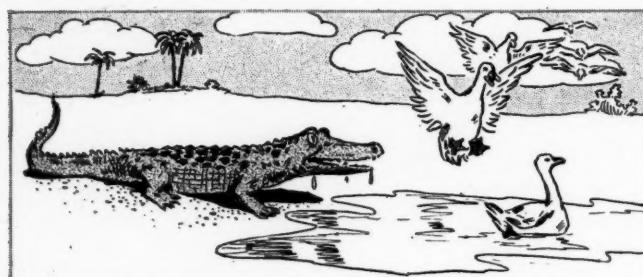
TEARS, IDLE TEARS!
OR, THE CROCODILE'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.



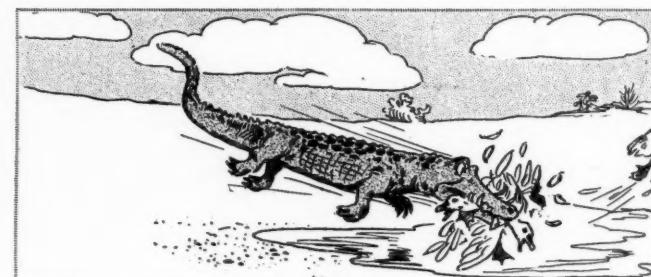
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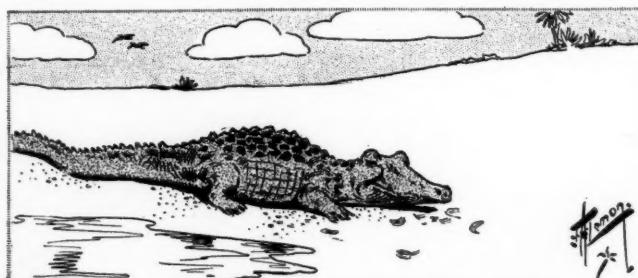
II.



III.



IV.



V.

HEALTH.

EVEN IN its defect do we have reason for blessing health. For the defect of health has given us Christian Science, the germ theory, a great deal of piety, the simple life, more and more manners—in short, a large part of that which makes the world beautiful. In its defects, again, health is distinctly educational—in our day the humblest know that they have stomachs, whereas in ancient times not even the gentry possessed this knowledge except vaguely. And finally, the defect of health has been to a great degree, if not chiefly, instrumental in the production of that noblest work of civilization, the man who can ache all over yet always talk about something else.

this knowledge except vaguely.

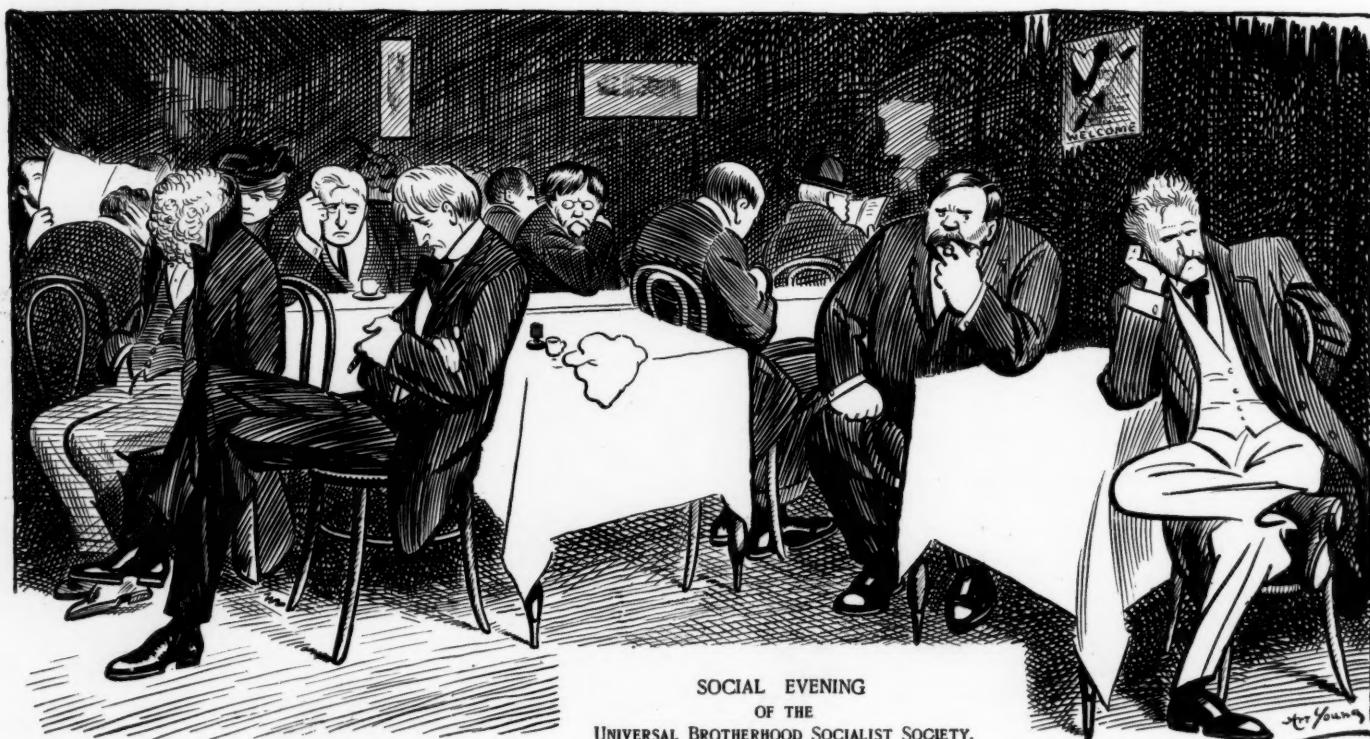
And finally, the defect of health has been to a great degree, if not chiefly, instrumental in the production of that noblest work of civilization, the man who can ache all over yet always talk about something else.

USES OF ADVERSITY.

ONCE ON a time there was a great nation whose people had about everything in reason, including a navy, an army, a proletariat, and the beginnings of a musical atmosphere; yet were they not content.

At length, so restive did they become, they picked a quarrel and went to war. But though they put up a stiff fight they were beaten out of their boots—their armies and fleets were smashed, their prestige was knocked into a cocked hat, and their national honor lay in smithereens.

And then for about ninety years, say nearly three generations, more or less, or until a new crop of patriots came up, they lived pretty happily.



SOCIAL EVENING
OF THE
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD SOCIALIST SOCIETY.

LOOKING BACKWARDS



THE CHANGE.

BEEGED to say, sah, dat it's strange—pow' ful strange!—how marriage do change women-folks," philosophically remarked experienced old Brother Buckaloo. "It works dis-uh-way wid one and dat-uh-way wid a-nudder; but it sho' changes all of 'em somehow. "Befo' de weddin' she'll have a whole lot to disclaim, de lady will, 'bout bein' yo'-all's clingin' vine, and sich pocticals as dat, and afterwards yo' dess lift her griddles and yo'll find her a ragin' fur-nace inside. Endurin' of de cou'tship, she'll whispuh sweet sediments to yo', a-nudder lady will, twell yo' sho'ly think dars a little angel uh-settin' on her tongue, and turrectly after de sarrymony yo' skivers dat her heart is as cold as de end of a dog's nose.

"Now, dar was muh third wife, dat — no, come to think, 'twuz muh fou'th. Wa'n't nuthin' de matter wid muh third wife, dat I ricklects at dis moment, 'cept she had sich quaint eyes—nigh-sighted, or suppin'. She was big and po'tly, and I'm small and skimp'y in muh pussonality, and I hatter keep her s'plied wid spectacles dat mag'fied like one o' dese yuh magical lanterns yo' sees at de op'ry-show — uh-kaze why: Long'she had her glasses on I looked so big dat she treated me like an equality; but dess let her lose dem glasses and she'd gimme a lickin' and put me to bed wid de child'en. Outside o' dat, dar was n't

a finer lady dan muh third wife, no place. "But, muh fou'th—bless goodness—befo' marriage she was allus noratin' suppin' 'bout economy. *Economy!*—'waste not, want not,' and all such as dat, was her cry; and afterwards it was a po' day dat she didn't waste a dish by smashin' it on muh head, and sometimes many as haffer-dozen—dishes dat cost me good money, too, sah! "Ah-Lawd! Dar ain't no tellin' how dey'll turn out, on'y dat twell be diffunt fum what yo' expect. Dar ain't no way o' testin' 'em wid acid, and 'tain't no use judgin' one by de tudder, uh-kaze dey's all as diffunt fum each udder as dey is fum what yo' 'magines dey'll be. Nussah!—if yo' was to marry fawty women in rapid concussion, yo' wouldn't know no mo' 'bout de fawty-fust dan if yo'd never seed none a-tall. De on'y man dat un'erstands a woman is de tall-headed gen'leman dat un'erstands dat he don't un'erstand her, and dess pulls down his hat and gives thanks dat it's ag'in de law to marry mo' dan one of 'em at a time."

T. P. Morgan.

IN THE St. Louis schools the younger children, upon entering, are requested to bring a certificate telling the places and dates of their births.

One little chap left his at home, and when each was called for burst into tears. When questioned why he was crying, he replied: "Oh, teacher, I forgot my excuse for being born!"



THE ONE THING THEY OVERLOOKED.

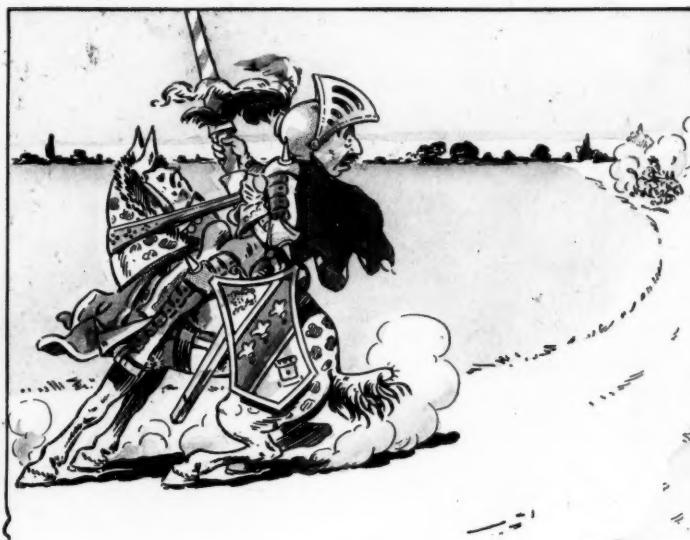
ONLY CHILD — Ow, woo-ooo-oo-o-o! I-I-I w-wanted one of those p-penny p-peppermint c-candy c-canies, and i-it ain't h-her-r-re! Ow-wow!!

The Mysterious Message.

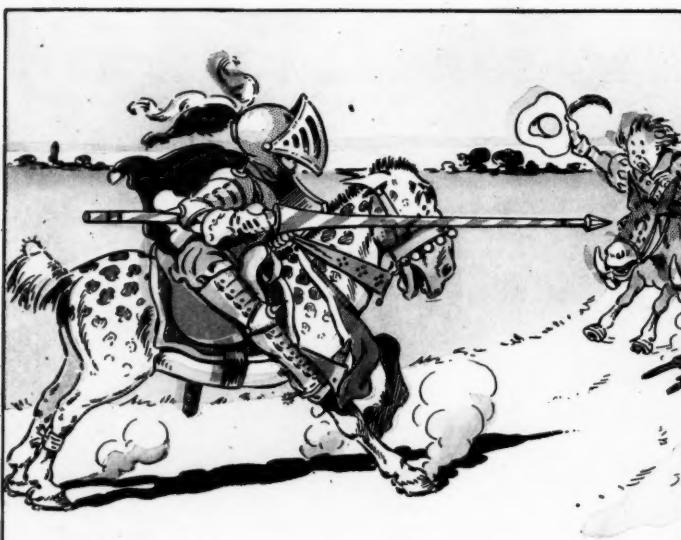
A Tale of the Days When Knighthood was in Bad.



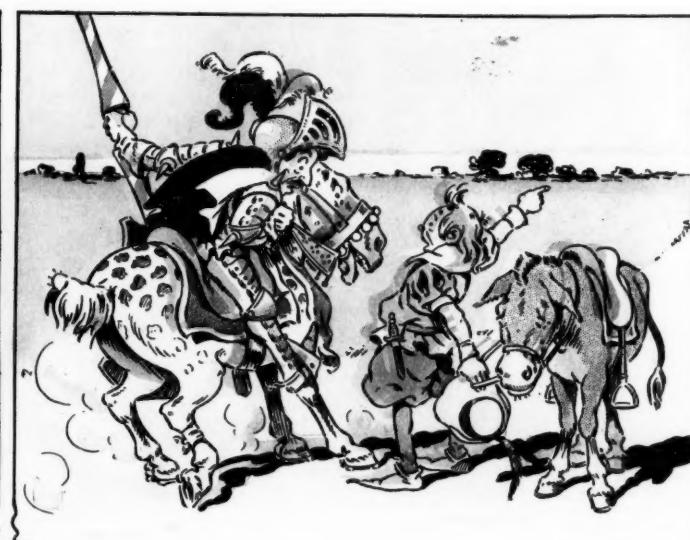
I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

*S*pare moments are precious. Some of our best bridge-players have learned while waiting for their motors to start up again.



O

NE of the most fatuous beliefs that ever afflicted mortal man is that he owns a cat. No man has ever enjoyed or ever will enjoy that distinction. He may be giving temporary shelter to an indifferent, saucy and sometimes irascible quadruped to which he vainly tries to offer friendship with a lisping "Kitty, Kitty;" but if he thinks on that account he owns a cat, he is much, ah, muchly mistaken.

A man may own a dog. Or he may own a horse. Particularly a dog. He may get this faithful animal out in the fields, throw a stick and his arm out of joint simultaneously, and experience the doubtful pleasure of seeing the noble creature bring the stick back covered with nice, enthusiastic saliva. The doctor will bring back the joint. But did you ever ask a cat to perform that feat of skill and friendship? No, sir; she would open one eye wide, and ask you if you detected an emerald tint therein. That's her. That's the cat.

Now, the horse. Of course you can own a horse. You can harness him up in the morning, and drive him all day long, and then be almost as far from home as you could have been if you had walked. You can put the silliest simpering girl at the reins, who will try to pull the beast astern when she really wants to go ahead, and all the horse thinks will be expressed in a quick glance of pained surprise. You can say "cluck-cluck," or "gee-dap," when the horse is doing what a sensible soul knows is the right thing, and his only reply will be an attempt to gratify your whim.

But if you think the cat was born with the strive-to-please soul of a floor-walker, just ask her for half of what she happens to be eating.

Pussy, as she is called by the careless, who know not what they do, and rush in where experienced cat-owners fear to tread—Pussy likes to lie by the fire. For that reason you pick her up tenderly from her seat on the doorstep, and put her down, together with part of your necktie, in front of the warm radiator. Does she thank you? Not at all; she hustles back to the doorstep, there to commune in the light of the moon with kindred spirits from down the street. Then, at the hour when she is due to be placed out on the doorstep, she comes in and lies down in front of the radiator.

However, when the cat wishes to be amiable, I doubt if there is any artifice or dissimulation lacking in her repertory. When you have snuggled down in your favorite chair, with your book properly adjusted on your knees, and have reached the key-word of the paragraph, the cat will hop gaily up, put two soiled feet on the book and two against your collar, and breathe a medley of calf's-liver and fish into your face. To share even the odor of food is the most boundless generosity on the part of a cat.

Of course you stroke the dear, soft pet, and pull her ears (for which offense she would have you drawn and quartered, if she could). Then you rub her fur the wrong way to hear it crackle. Pussy dearly loves that; but she refrains from destroying your eyesight, because she wants you to be able to see the proper food for her in the icebox. Then you lift her up in your arms and rub your face against her silky pelt, and she jumps down. There is a limit beyond which the cat will prefer to starve.

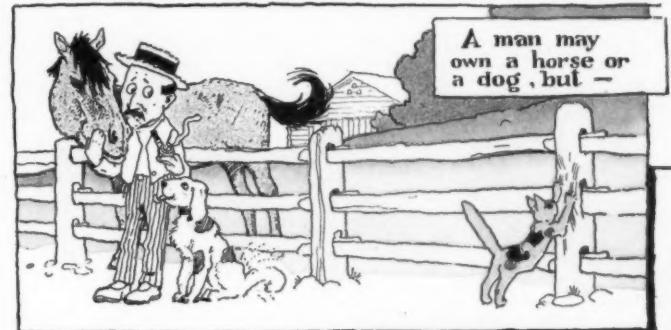
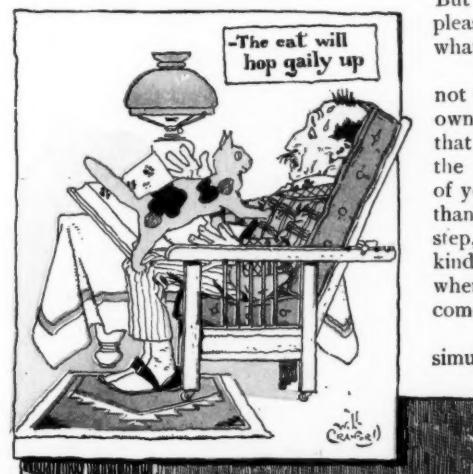
And as

she sits there on her haunches, looking up at you with eyes that may mean much or little, perhaps you imagine that she is admiring your physique, or your vandyke, or is rapt with amazement because you are a member of the school committee or a corporal in the nearest regiment. Very well, if you like to think so.

But listen: after several years of experience we conclude that Pussy is cursing like a pirate bold, only stopping to say to herself, "I wonder when that old dub is coming across with a hunk of mutton?"

That's the cat.

Freeman Tilden.



PUCK

REFLECTIONS OF A MISOGYNIST.

IT requires a great deal of self-restraint to be madly in love.

A woman without religion is like a man without an occupation.

Many a woman is improperly faithful because she lacks opportunity.

With some women the habit of depending upon their weaknesses is chronic.

The trouble with many clever women is not that they lack depth, but that they lack superficiality.

There are some women that one should never be seen with too often in public; for example, one's wife.



A RED CROSS NURSE.

I have never known a silent woman to make a permanent success with men. She is too companionable.

One of the chief differences between a man's wife and his cook is that he expects the latter to have a character.

Women often accuse me of being cynical about them, as if this were a misfortune; on the contrary, it is my only safety.

Under certain conditions, it is easy enough to make a girl fall in love with you; but the question is, How are you going to get her over it?

A homely woman is at a great disadvantage among her sex — about the only thing that she can do is to place herself on the same level with men.

It is interesting to sit between two women at a dinner-party, and endeavor to amuse them both. One feels like a Chinese god with a swinging head.

Homely women are on the defensive, and therefore become ingenious in methods of entertainment; but beautiful women seldom interest me — they never make any effort to displease.

If you criticize women in general to one woman in particular, she will resent it keenly; but if you criticize one woman in particular to women in general, they will all agree with you.

I have oftentimes been amused in observing a young and pretty girl with an old and intellectual man. At first she is surprised at her own power; then it frightens her; but in the end she becomes very proud of it.

I am secretly fond of children when I can catch them alone, but I rarely cultivate them, for the reason that when I do they are almost sure to drag their parents in. When children are present, parents ought to be kept in the background.

A friend came to me the other day and said that he was afraid to attempt to kiss a certain woman, for fear that she would resent it. "You are quite right in your assumption," I replied. "The fact that you are capable of reflecting on the matter would make you a proper object of any woman's resentment."

For a long time clever women disturbed and irritated me. I realized perfectly that their cleverness was superficial, and that their intellectual supremacy was only apparent. They knew that I knew this, and we did nothing but bristle at each other. One day, however, I discovered the secret of getting on with them; one has merely to assume that they are capable of being loved; the moment



EXTRACT FROM A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"A BIG BREAKFAST STOOD SMOKING ON THE TABLE."

they are convinced that you really believe this, they once again become human; they cannot resist this flattery. *T. L. Masson.*

EXCELLENT PROSPECTS.

"WHAT MAKES you think you will coin money out of that mining prospect?"

"Our ad-writer has inspected the property and feels confident he can write it up to advantage."

DROVE THEM OUT TO STAY.

"ST. PATRICK was a wonderful man!"

"Sure; but we Prohibitionists drove more snakes out of the South than St. Pat ever ousted from old Ireland!"

"Yis, begob! But the snakes St. Patrick druv out did n't cum back be freight!"

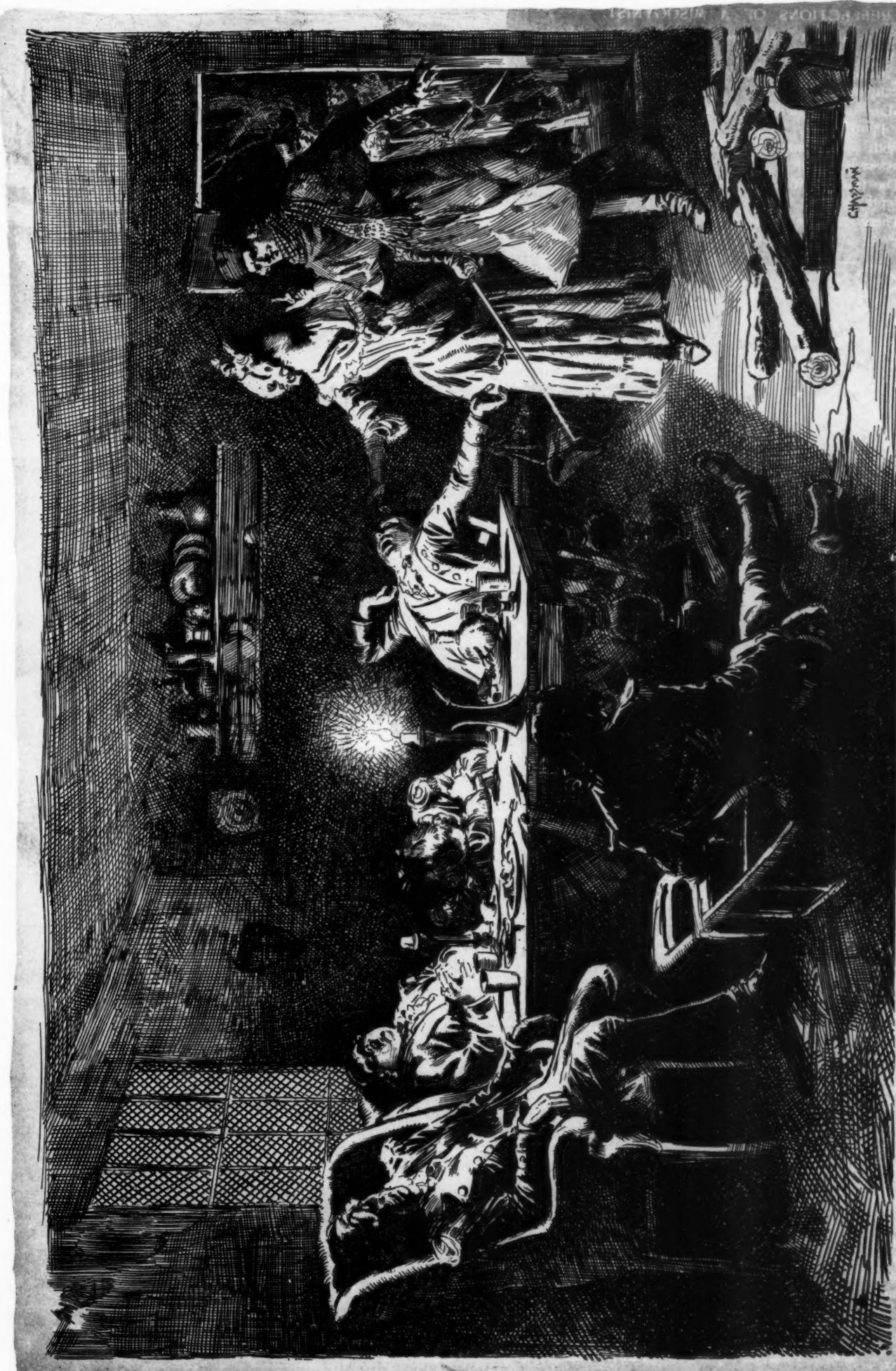


FELICITOUS.

The peasant was overjoyed when he discovered that his goose was laying golden eggs. For it was winter.

"I can paint them up and sell them for hen's eggs!" he exclaimed, visions of untold wealth rising rosily before him.

We wouldn't blame women for wishing to wear stunning clothes if we realized how much easier it is to handle a man when he's stunned.

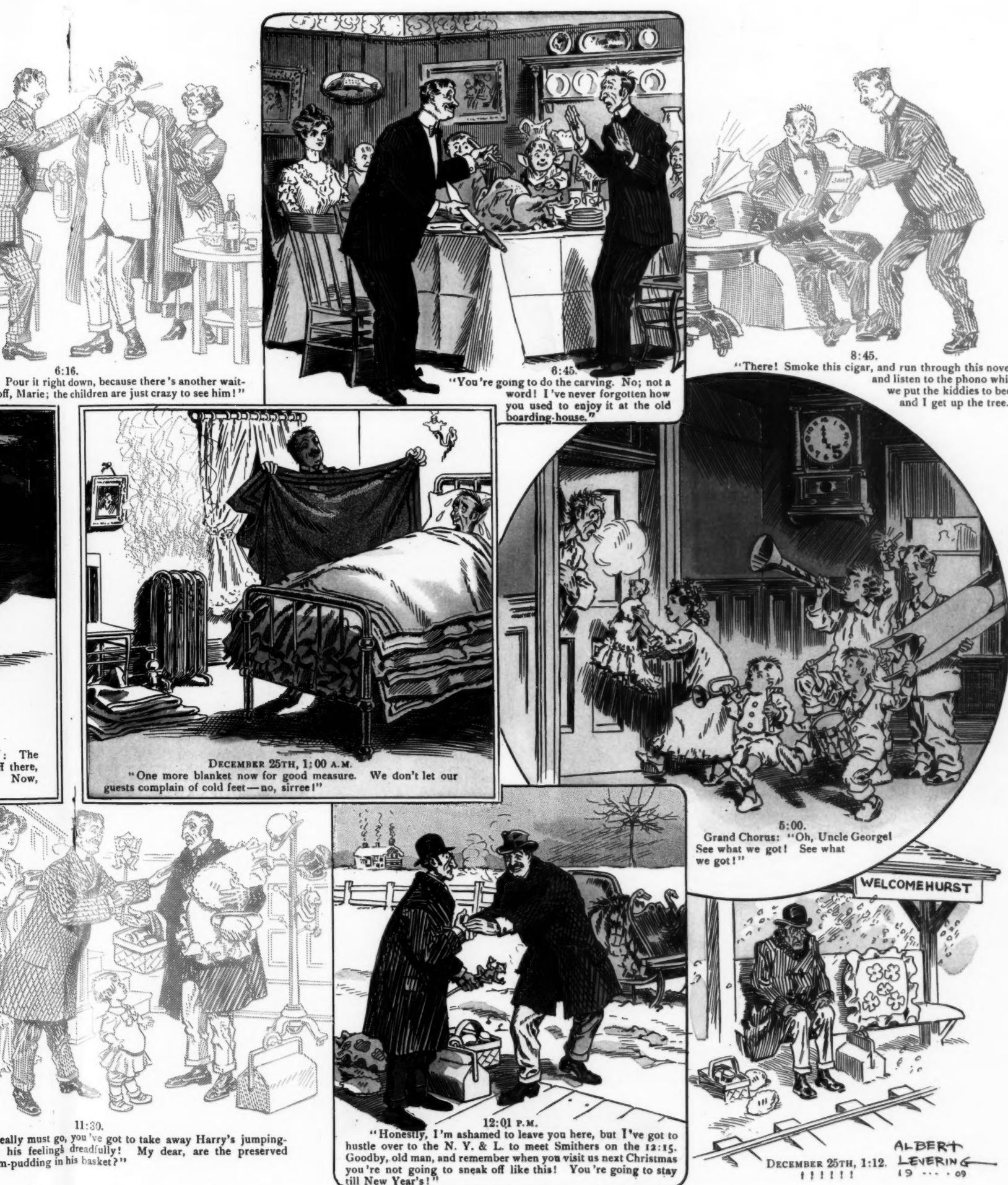


A REVOLUTIONARY CHRISTMAS.
HER PRESENT TO HER COUNTRY.



SUBURBAN HOSPITAL

MR. CITIMAN SPENDS CHRISTMAS





DAUNTLESS.

SIR, I wish to make your daughter my wife!" The old man hesitated. "Hadn't you better see her mother first?" he asked, gently, after thinking a moment.

"I've seen her mother, and it does n't make any difference—I'm willing to take the chances!" exclaimed the youth, with all the ardor of honest love.

DOING HER BEST.

"WON'T YOU try to love me?" he sighed. "I have tried," she replied, kindly but firmly. "My rich aunt has just died," he went on. "In that case, dear, I will try again!"

IRRESISTIBLE.

CRAWFORD.—Why does your wife want to move?

CRABSHAW.—She happened to see a house with two more closets in it.

HIS SCHEME.

SOILED SPOONER (the Tramp).—How's business, Pard?

SLACKPUTTER (the Village Constable).—Pretty blame' slow, jest at present.

SOILED SPOONER.—You look like a good sport. Tell you what I'll do: Lend me a quarter to get the necessary drinks, and I'll come back here and raise such a row that you can run me in and git the usual fee. What d'ye say?

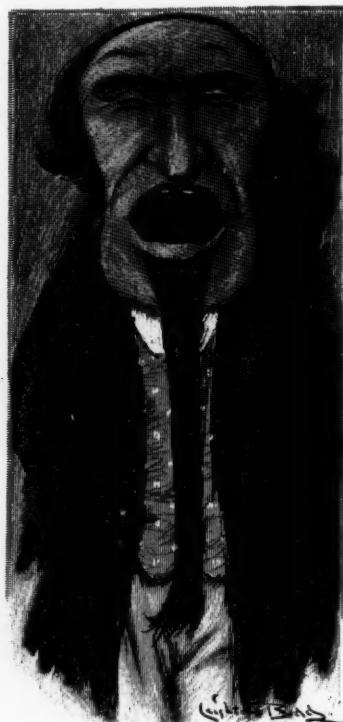
CURING A CYNIC.

THE best way to cure a cynic is to tell him the truth. Nine times out of ten he will back down and say he does n't believe things are as bad as that.

WOMAN'S INSTINCT.

HE HAS succeeded ever since he took his wife into the business." "Yes; the first thing she did was to make the waste as small as possible."

The few men who are great enough to be egotists without losing class are usually not built that way at all.



THE OLD GUITAR PLAYER.

blame' slow, jest at present.

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"I WANT a license to marry the best girl in the world," said the young man.

"Sure," commented the clerk, "that makes thirteen hundred licenses for that girl this season."

NO MONOPOLY.

LAUGHTER.

MY HOURS are clothed in quiet grays,
All Quakerish and sober,
Though in my heart I love always
The bright hues of October.
You'd never guess my secret glad,
My dreams of joy hereafter,
When I can say, for good or bad,
I am in love with laughter.

Oh, many men, of many minds,
Have sweethearts grave or merry;
I trust, each to his liking finds
His sweet, well-woven fairy.
But ah! whom dearer could I love?
Though grief may come hereafter,
While blue skies, smiling, bend above
I'll be in love with laughter.

W. Edson Smith.



CORNELIA.

Cornelia having, at bridge, lost everything else, put up her jewels—and lost once more.

The next day, being called on to pay her bet, she pointed to the Gracchi in their cradle, and exclaimed: "These are my jewels!"

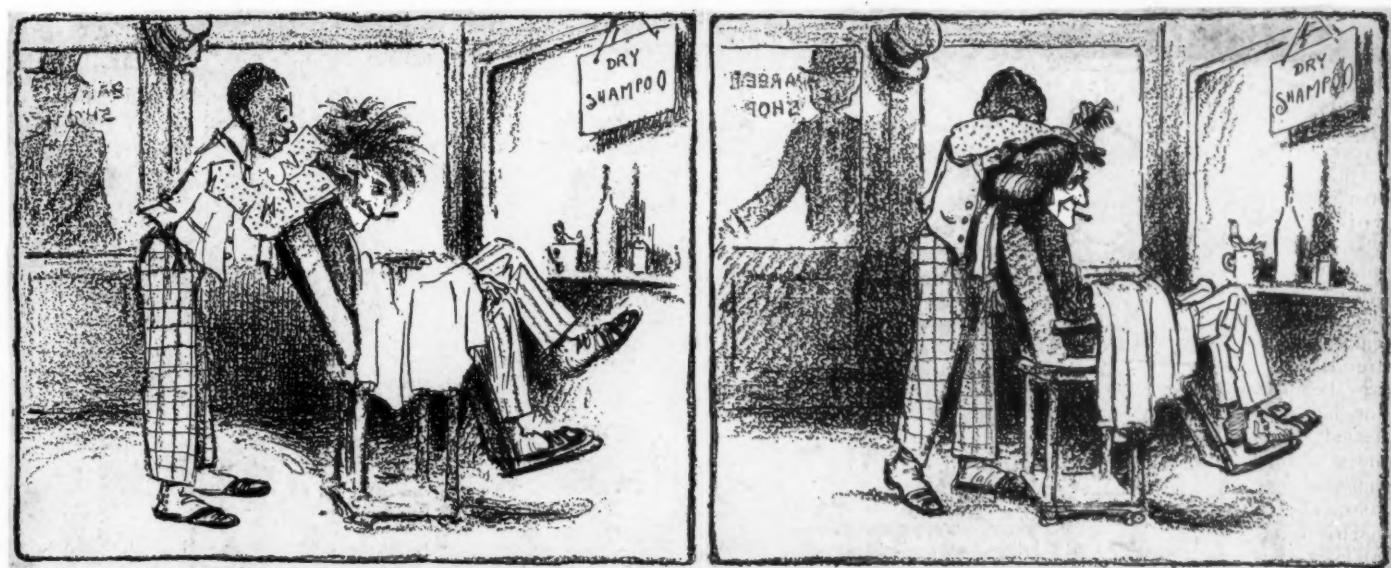
She was never invited out afterward.

The Missing Heir—A Play in Sections. One Speaking Part and Stage Directions.



(Enter J. Barret-Booth McSplain;
Hands dusky barber hat and cane.)
Good mawnin'!

(Seats self, and from the plush-lined chair
Surveys the barber's bill-of-fare.)
Shampoo, suh?



(Enjoys the extras of the day:
Has scalp massaged, etceteray.)
Ha'r tonic?

(And yet with a peculiar smile
He oversees the job meanwhile.)
Combed dry, suh?



(FINALE.—The Tragedian stands
And holds his coiffure in his hands.)
Good Lawdy!

THE MERITS OF THE CASE.

I WENT over to Whittlesville, out in the west part of the State, week before last," with his usual acridilosophically remarked the Old Codger, "to see about a little property that Pheeny had left to her a spell ago, and met with a reception that surprised me considerably until I got into the merits of the case.

"I was sauntering along a by-street in the cool of the evening when I was met by one of the most nominal-looking men I have ever witnessed, with a mysterious manner and a pair of nankeen pants such as, sad to say, we seldom see in real life nowadays. He first asked me, in a hushed voice, if I was n't So-and-so, and when I could n't consistently deny it, because I saw he had me, he confessed that he was the husband of a second-, or a third-, or something, cousin's niece of mine, although he humbly allowed that very likely I didn't recollect him; which I did n't, and for which he politely excused me.

"Do you—if it is n't asking too much of so distant a relative," he proceeded, all of a tremor, it 'peared to me—"do you

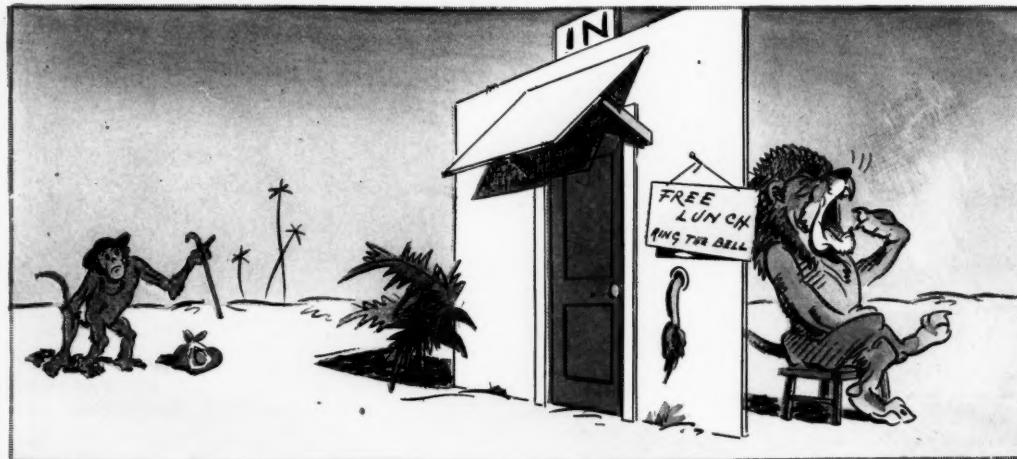
—is there such a thing as chewing tobacco and independence and hard cider and just settin' around and loafin' left in the world? Figgeratively speakin', of course, has Freedom, which shrieked when Kosciusko fell, ever done anything since?" And then he took me by the lapels of my coat, as a drowning man in a story does a

straw, and went on: "The hotel here is run by a widow and on a strictly temperance basis; the post-office is in charge of a maiden lady with modest curls drooping athwart her classic ears; the church choir is composed exclusively of female voices; three lady evangelists and a lady missionary live here, and the latter is as fat as a hippopotamus; the day-school and the Sabbath-school are superintended by women; there is a lady barber in our midst; there hasn't been a masculine doctor in town for two years; and practically every husband in the community wifes the dishes in a methodical manner and is as neat around the house as a cat. We are infested with societies for the amelioration and uplifting and deodorizing of most everything and every body that would otherwise be comfortable, and every lady in the place

belongs to as many of 'em as she can have her say and hold office in. And if there is such a thing as an able-bodied, unterrified, whole-souled d—n left in the world, please utter it for me right now, and say it loud and coarse!"

"After I had kindly done so, to his apparent satisfaction, I went away to think over the strange situation in Whittlesville. And the episode has since given me a great deal of consolation; it is always a satisfaction to know that, no matter how badly we are situated and how many troubles pester us, there are others a heap worse off than we are."

Tom P. Morgan.



THE LAZY LION —

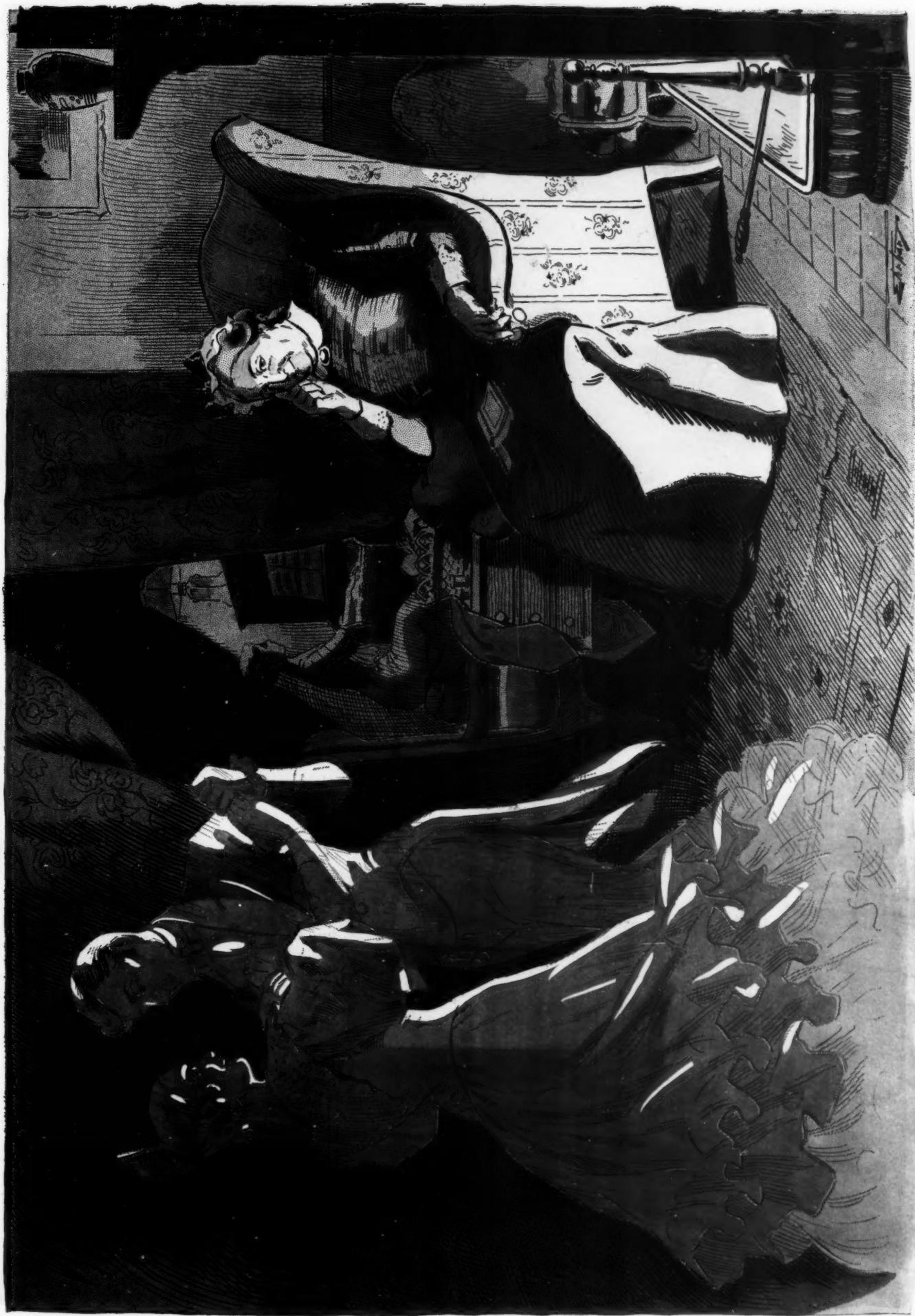


AND HIS INGENIOUS METHOD —



OF GETTING A DAINTY LUNCH.

A very tolerable success is where a man doesn't let his failure to do the great things he would discourage him from doing the little things he may.



AN OLD WALTZ.

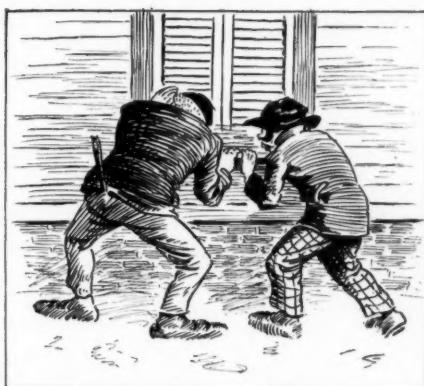
PUCK

THE GRANDPA GREEN PAPER DOLLS.

Presenting Grandpa's Little Flossie Footlights, with her Clothes and her Playthings.



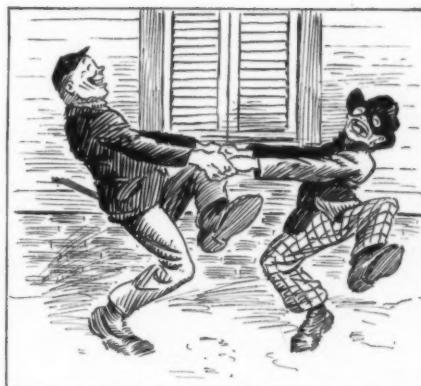
A DENATURED CHRISTMAS.



VOICE (inside house).—We'll put the presents on the table here. This is Freddie's gold watch.



"And here's that lovely pearl necklace for Mae; put it near Julia's diamond ring —"



"And I do hope Mother will like this brooch set with rubies. Now, dear, we'll go up to bed."

ON BEING BROKE.

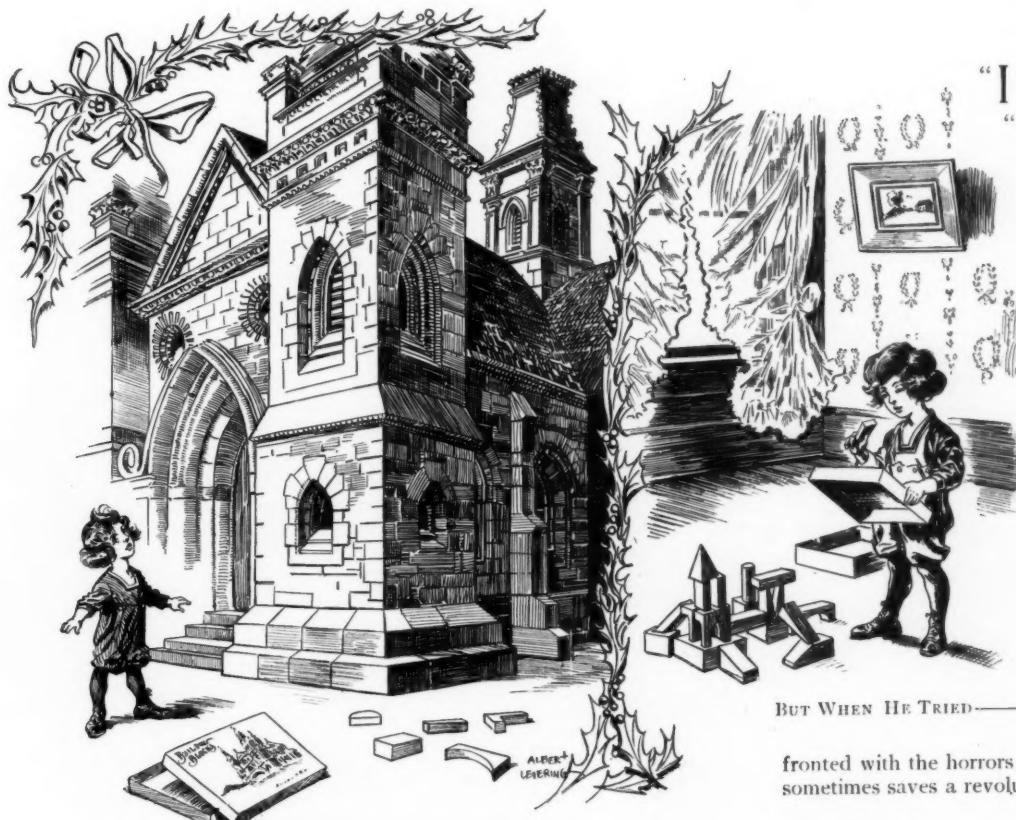
GENTLE READER, wast thou ever broke,
Financially embarrassed, up a tree,
With not one dollar, not one sou markee,
And not a friend whose aid thou might'st invoke?
With rage and thirst didst ever all but choke,
And pause and wonder whence the hully gee
The next square meal was coming unto thee,
With watch and chain and diamond stud in soak?
If so, kind friend, I hail thee as a brother!
No mercenary bard, in truth, am I,
But this one fact, which I have tried to smother,
Is universal, and it cannot die:
A dollar is thy friend as is none other,
And poverty's a crime. Dispute it? Try!
Willis Leonard Clanahan.



GUMSHOE SIKES.—Wot de —! Wot?
Nuthin' in any of dese boxes! All as empty
as me! Where's dem jools an' gold watch?



"Pipe de sign! We're up against a bunch
of dem bugs wot t'ink dey got it when dey
ain't!"



WILLIE'S NEW BLOCKS.

What he thought he could build with them, judging from the Book of Instructions.

BUT WHEN HE TRIED—

PERHAPS if man had been a little more gracious about letting woman buy his neckties for him, he wouldn't now be confronted with the horrors of political equality. A sop in time sometimes saves a revolution.

IT'S a wise woman that knoweth her own baby while neglecting none of the several social injustices that cry out to Heaven.

Half the world are just bores enough to insist on telling the other half exactly how they live.

FROM THE POLKVILLE WEEKLY CLARION






BY TOM P MORGAN

JUST AS we go to press, at 9:15 P.M., after a series of unavoidable delays, there is a sound of revelry by night at the residence of the bride's parents where the solemn words are being said in his usual urbane manner by the Reverend Mr. Busenbark that unite the fond hearts of Miss Psyche Myrtelle Frakes, the charming and accomplished daughter of our genial fellow-townsmen and heaviest advertiser, the Hon. Braxton Bragg Frakes, member of the Legislature, proprietor of the Right Place Store (see adv. of Grand Clearing Sale in another column), manager of the Opera House—where our readers will please remember that the ladies of the Methodist Church will give a Festival and Elocutionary Contest for the purpose of raising funds to re-

shingle the parsonage on next Wednesday evening, and which promises to be one of the most enjoyable events of the present social season; and where the home-talent Mastodon Minstrels will render an entertainment on Friday night of next week, at which time the young people trust our citizens will enjoy a hearty laugh—Past Puissant Potentate of the Knights and Ladies of the Golden Escutcheon, and fire and life insurance policies written in all the leading companies, and bright the lamps are now shining o'er fair women and brave men, one of which we should be proud at this moment to be were it not that our press broke down at 4:30 this afternoon, and at 5:17, and again at 8:45, throwing us so sadly in arrears that it is only by a scratch that we are able to get this issue out on our regular day of publication.

Later: We stop the press to regretfully announce that we have just received reliable information that the wedding has been somewhat delayed by the absence of the groom, who is an excellent young man, and whom we are sure has been unavoidably detained and will show up in a few moments, when the happy event will occur as above outlined.

Later: We again stop the press to say that we regret that the groom was not detained, as above stated, but was pushed out of a window and is now unable to be found.

Later: We once more stop the press to apologize for an error in the foregoing statement. A by-passor has just advised us that the groom was not pushed out of a window—he jumped out.

Later: Once again we stop the press to state that a member of the posse which is now searching for the groom has just kindly dropped in long enough to inform us that the bride is prostrated in her mother's arms, and her genial father is making use of some of the masterly eloquence which has made him justly famous in the Halls of State.

Later: We stop the press to remark that but a few moments ago, while we were hurrying like a demon to get our belated edition run off, we were startled by hearing a weird voice knocking on the underside of the floor of our office, and so loudly and persistently demanding to be let out that we were compelled, despite our desperate rush, to pause long enough to pry up a board, when we were temporarily astounded to behold the face and form of the renegade groom crawl up through the aperture, and, falling at our feet, implore us to save him. We are a journalist before anything else, and so we put aside

our amazement, and seized the wretch by the throat and proceeded to interview him in true metropolitan style. He said in part that his stomach had turned to lead and his vitals to writhing corkscrews, that his veins ran ice-water, his heart had stopped beating, his throat was waddled full of cotton, and we could readily see that his respiration came and went in the short pants of desperation. It immediately occurred to us that he had been the victim of mysterious maltreatment of some kind, and we were thinking that if drugs or hypnotism had been employed, what a stirring feature we could write for our next issue, when the young man owned up that he was scared to death at the idea of getting married. We have been a married man on three different occasions ourself, and remember yet how we shuddered with nameless dread just prior to our first plunge into the untried sea of matrimony, and confess that we would have been glad, so great were our foolish fears, to

have plunged through a window instead, and flown to the Mountains of Hepsidam. Thus fully appreciating his unwarranted but painful perturbation, we could not find it in our heart to chide the lad. Instead, we soothed him with sympathetic badinage and a brief visit to the jug of excellent old cider which our good friend, Eli Lathers, may his tribe increase, laid on our table yesterday, and escorted him to the residence of the bride's parents, where, after we had addressed to the assemblage a few earnest words culled from our own past experience, we left the sobbing girl in the arms of her rehabilitated lover, and the Mr. Busenbark just stepping forward to perform the ceremony as we first outlined, and, feeling at last a pleasant time had been had, hurried back to our office to resume running off our paper.

Later: We again stop the press to state that a genial passer-by has this moment dropped in to announce that the happy couple have at last been made one and to lay on our table a luscious segment of wedding-cake made by the mother of the bride's fair hands, for which she has our heartfelt thanks. We will add that as, owing to the various interruptions and vicissitudes which we have gone through this evening, it is now half-past three on the following morning, and as we do not flatter ourself that, indispensable as we strive to make it, many people will be rising at this hour and wildly clamoring for the *Clarion*, we will sit a while and eat wedding-cake and pen a few lines to remind our readers that when there

is anything of journalistic importance on the tapis we will stop the press under any circumstance, no matter how critical, in order to chronicle the very latest phase of the episode, which we opine is as much as the most enterprising of the big Eastern papers can do. The price of the *Clarion* is only \$1.00 a year, and we believe we are warranted in declaring that now is the time to subscribe.

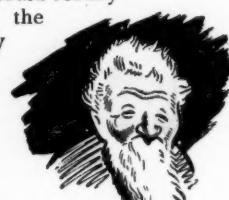
Later: We stop the press for the last time to add that the groom's name is Norbert Guy Hector Tuggle.



The Bride.



Hon. Braxton Bragg Frakes.



Eli Lathers.



The Rev. Mr. Busenbark.



"Falling at our feet."

It's bad if your wife finds a letter in your pocket you have forgotten to mail, but worse if it is one you have forgotten to burn.



ABSENT-MINDED.

GOOSE (seeing reflection of moon) — Dear me! I wonder if I could have made a mistake and laid an egg in the water?

POOR LITTLE LOVE!

POOR LITTLE LOVE, with cruel words and bold,
They drove him out into the bitter cold.
Who should have served him as became a king —
For once they begged for his companioning,
And once their joy had blossomed in his hold.

They took his gifts and bartered them for gold,
His garments for a tinsel gaud they sold —
Out in the night he wanders shivering —
Poor little Love!

He asked a crust and jeers to him they doled;
A fire, they bade him seek the sunlit wold;
For wine, his tears, they said, were nourishing.
Is there no hand to which his hand may cling,
No heart to give him shelter in its fold?

Poor little Love!

Charlotte Becker.

ARRIVING AT A CLOAK.

THE Sociologist, the Clergyman, and the Writer were discussing the problem of the poor.

Said the Clergyman: I am an optimist. Things are bad enough, heaven knows, but I really believe they are getting better. I am doing all I can. I spend a large part of my time visiting the sick and encouraging the unfortunate. And this in spite of the unjust criticism of me, that I am toadying to capital.

Said the Sociologist: We are all toadying to capital; you equally with the rest of us. If everyone in the community realized there was something wrong, they could easily remedy it. We overpay our capitalists, whereas the profits they are making for themselves ought to go to the community. If the community demanded that, instead of working for its wealthy men, its wealthy men must

The failure of some people to meet their obligations is no doubt due to their creditors moving in lower walks of life.

work for the community, all this would be done. Your trouble is that you are not willing to preach this doctrine; partly because you don't understand it, and partly because you are dominated by the capitalistic idea.

Said the Writer: Thank you very much for your kind words. I was looking for an idea to write about, as I need to make enough money to buy my wife a new cloak, and you have supplied it.

You interest us very much, said the Clergyman and the Sociologist; and what, we beg, is the nature of your idea?

Said the Writer: I cannot, of course, explain it at length, but it is something like this: That if clergymen would stop making so many pastoral calls and preach socialism; and if, at the same time, sociologists, instead of trying to reform the world, would be willing to help the one right next to them, some good might come of it all.

SCIENCE.

THE scientific fool is about the worst of his kind, because he makes folly, by nature a thing of ideals, so sordidly materialistic, with never a touch of poetry to lighten it up. He, for instance, is the fool who says in his heart, There is no God, only a test-tube and some salts of one kind or another.

Foolishness has never been so easy to get along with as it was in the good old times before the torch of science had got itself lighted.

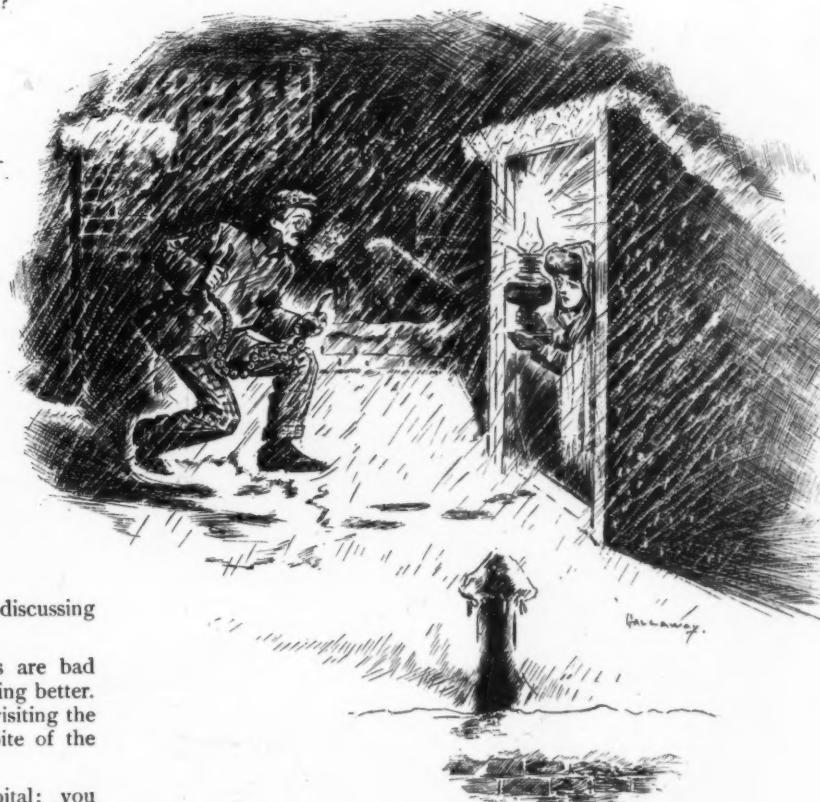
DIPLOMATIC.

MRS. CRAWFORD.—However did she get her husband to trim the Christmas tree?

MRS. CRABSHAW.—She told him his taste was so bad that she would n't let him do it.

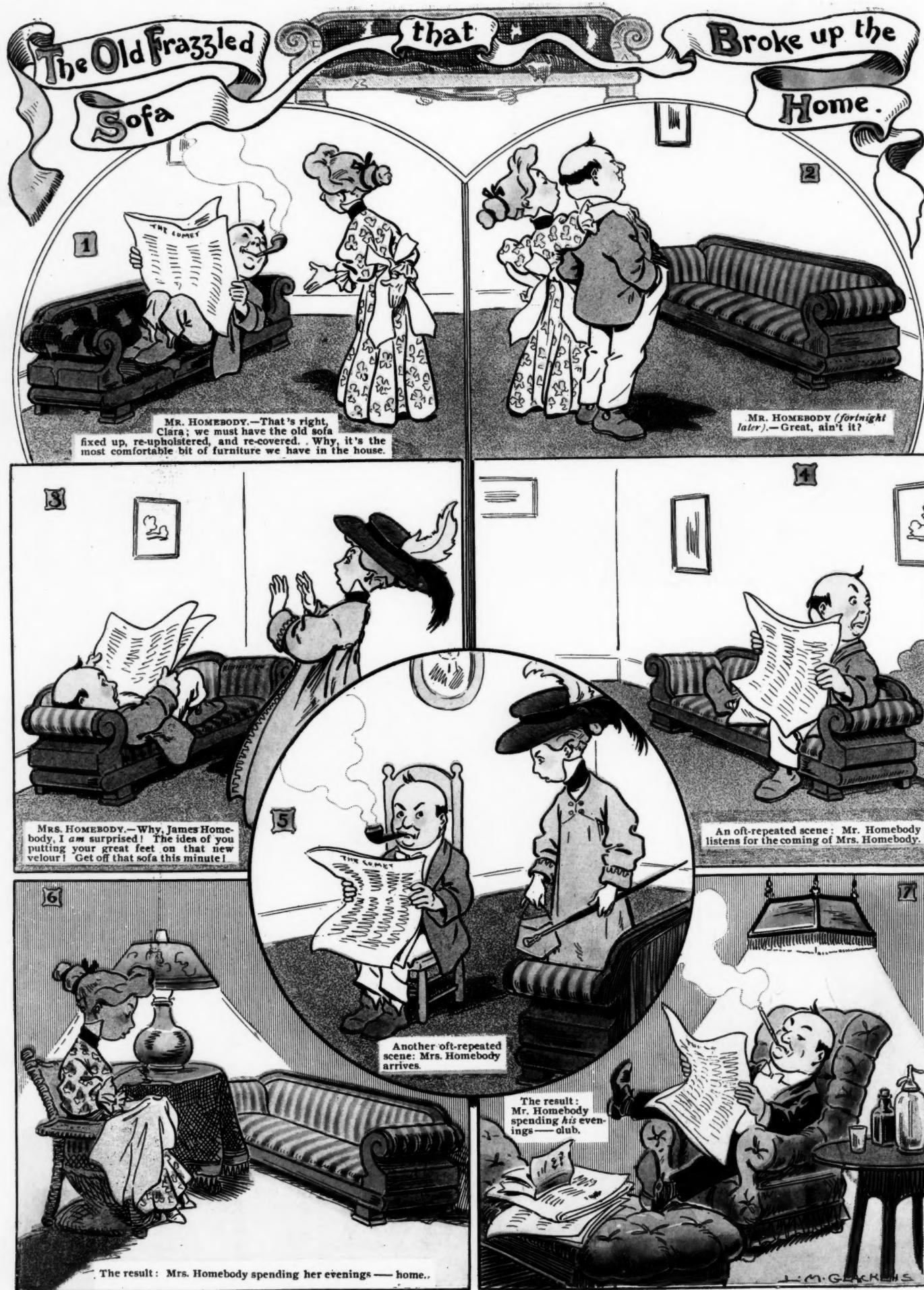


OUT OF THE ORDINARY.



A DOUBTING THOMAS BELOW.

MRS. TOPFLAT.—Jump around for five minutes more, Henry dear. Nothing can shake Willie's faith in Santa Claus, now that he hears the reindeer on the roof.



AN ANCIENT PLACE.



TRAVELER who was journeying through a wilderness suddenly came to a village. The first person he met was a man with a rather sad expression.

"What is the matter with you?" said the traveler. "You look as if you had gotten up out of the wrong side of the bed this morning."

At this the man smiled.

"Nonsense!" he replied. "I was just congratulating myself that I had done something very good."

"And what was that?"

"Why, there's a fellow over there—a friend of mine—with whom I got into an argument and—well, we had it all right. Now, you see, I could, if I wanted to, have said something to him that would have made him feel like—well, completely upset him. But I didn't. I could, but I didn't."

The traveler passed along, and pretty soon he met another man. This man was also looking pretty glum. As he saw the traveler, however, he too began to smile.

"See a fellow back there about a minute ago?" he asked.

"Yes, I saw him. What about him?" said the traveler.

"Friend of mine."

"So?"

"Had a few words with him this morning. Have been patting myself on the back ever since!"

"What for?"

"Well, you see, I held myself in. I knew exactly what to say to him to break him all up. But I didn't. I refrained. I could, but I didn't."

The traveler proceeded on his way. After a while he met a schoolboy. The schoolboy looked a little the worse for wear. His head was bandaged, and he limped.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the traveler.

The boy brightened up and smiled bravely.

"Been in a fight!" he replied.

"You seem to have gotten the worst of it."

"No, I didn't. But, oh say! If I had only wanted to I could have laid that fellow out. I could have given him a punch that would have settled him!"

"Why didn't you?"

"Well, you see, I didn't quite like to. He's a tough, anyway, and—well, I just didn't want to do it. I could, but I didn't."

The traveler passed on, and by-and-by he came to a nice-looking lady who apparently had been so much absorbed in her own thoughts that she had n't noticed where she was going. She had slipped, and the traveler courteously helped her up.

"You seem to be preoccupied, madam," he said.

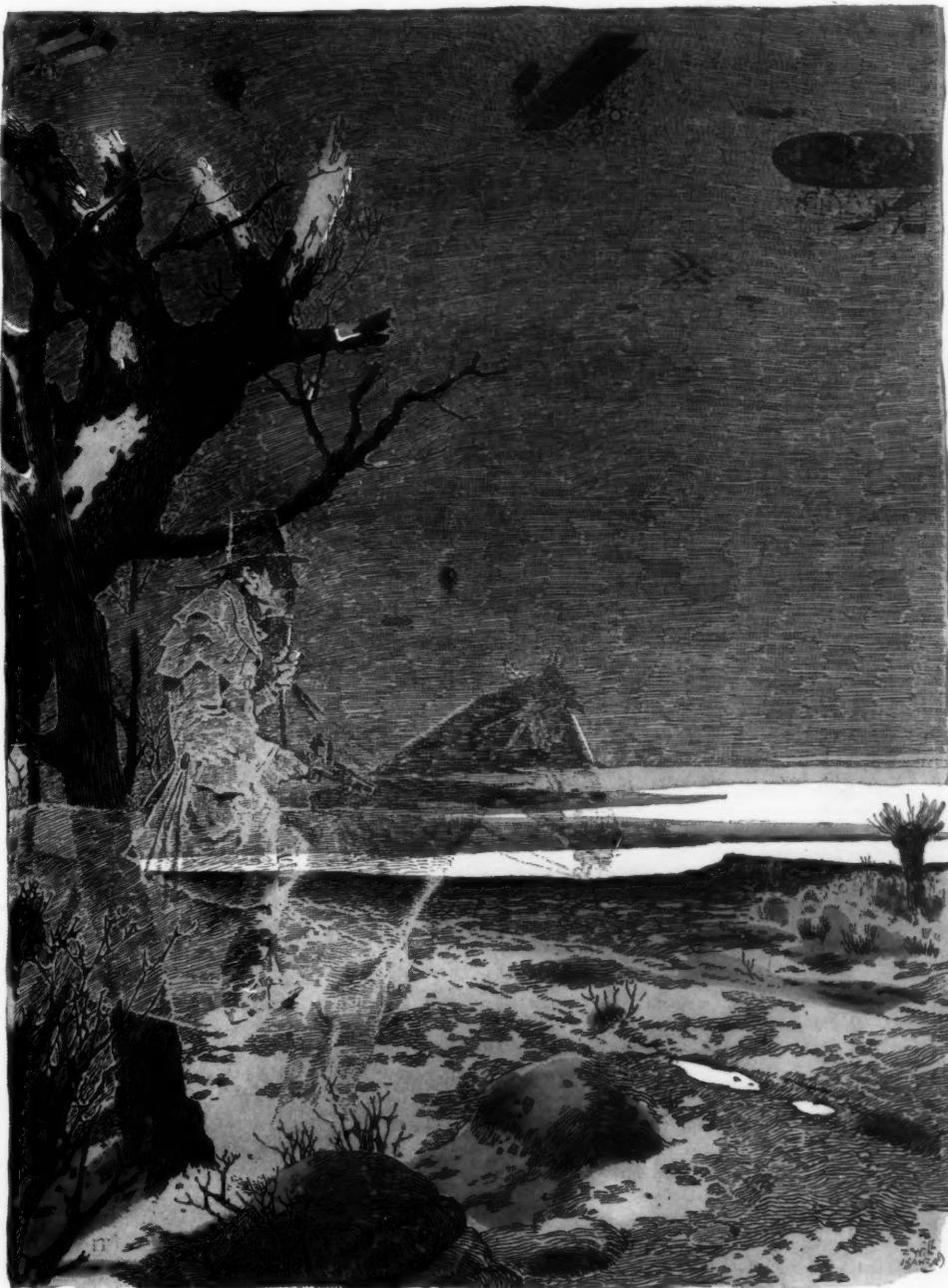
"I suppose I was," replied the lady. "The fact is that a very dear friend of mine—we belong to the same club, you know—was dreadfully mean to me this morning. She said the most cutting thing without the slightest provocation. It was really extremely trying to one's good temper."

"And what, may I ask, did you say to her?"

"Nothing. I refrained. I might have told her—oh, I could have said the most telling thing in reply. It would have squelched her all right. But I didn't. I could, but I did n't."

JUST LIKE DAY.

MR. SHOOFLY.—My, but this village is extravagant with its street lights!



A HIGHER HIGHWAY.

SHADE OF DICK TURPIN.—It's a good thing I lived when I did. A Gentleman of the Road would starve in these days.

The traveler walked along until he came to the village inn. He stepped inside and up to the office desk. He started to dip his pen into the ink when another man—a large, blustering man—suddenly thrust himself in front of him, put his name down on the register, and called loudly for a room.

"I beg your pardon," said the traveler, who could feel the hot blood mounting to his cheek, "but I—"

"You're a little slow," said the man, as he reached over and took the key from the clerk and strode after the porter.

The traveler, trembling with rage, registered, received his own key to a smaller room, and was at last shown to it. When he was alone he said to himself, shaking his fist at the wall:

"I could easily have said 'Yes, I'm slow, but I'm not a human hog. I could, but I—'"

And then the traveler smiled to himself. He hurried down-stairs.

"My friend," said he to the clerk at the desk, "what is the name of this village?"

"Everyman's!" replied the clerk. T. L. Masson.

THE ROLLLICKING RELATIVES

FINALLY MY wife walked over to the settin'-room stove and says: "Once for all I'm going to find out if this is a departed spirit tryin' to communicate, or just wind on the damper."

"Think it over, Almira," I says; "maybe we're happier just as we are without knowing anybody in the other spear. It's easy to start a conversation, but it's hard to end one."

"I've thought it all over," she says, "and if the medium was right when he said that spirits get drawn to me naturally, it's a sin and a shame if I'm not willing to speak with 'em."

"If you're just the damper," says my wife, turning to the stove again, "say nothing; if you're not a spirit, but something else, say nothing; but if you're a spirit, give three raps."

Rap! Rap! Rap! it come, clear and distinct as could be.

"Aha!" says my wife, and there was a kind of chirp in her voice that might not have been there if she'd known what that talk of hers was going to lead to. "Now that we've started conversin' we'll have the usual arrangements for understanding each other. Three raps means 'Yes,' and one rap means 'No.' Do I make myself plain?"

Rap! Rap! Rap!

"Was you ever in this life?"

Rap! Rap! Rap!

"Are you one of my relatives?"

Rap!

"One of my husband's?"

"Yes."

"Did you pass over recently?"

"No."

"Long ago?"

"Yes."

Well, after a good deal of hitchin' back and forth we found it was the spirit of a great-great-aunt of mine named Laughing Water. You see, Great-grandpa Peevy came to Wisconsin in a early day before there was much good society, and married a neat little Injun girl. We never speak much about it, but it really happened. It seems our little Laughing Water was the sister of the lady Great-grandpa Peevy married. Nice little thing, too.

When Laughing Water began talking to us, naturally it pleased my wife to death. After we got started we used to interview her 'most every night. We liked it, and besides she was a harmless little creature, and didn't seem to be satisfied unless she was answering questions.

"Are you happy?" "Yes." "Do you want to come back?" "No." "Is the other side like this life?" "No." "Is it different?" "Yes."

Why, I've sat there myself entertaining the poor little Injun girl by the hour with them remarks. She didn't seem to know much more about things than I did, but it kept her amused, and that counted a whole lot.

Well, affairs was all right so long as she came alone, but one night she turned up with Aunt Sal.

It's funny how those relatives all hang together in the spirit spear. I never see relatives act like that in this life, but up there it seems as if they can't be happy unless they're all around together. If one of 'em visits a circle, and is made welcome and to home, he brings all the rest after him just the way little Laughing Water brung Aunt Sal.

Seems Aunt Sal was a member of m' wife's family 'bout fifty years ago, and still had an interest in things. She must have been a awful high-spirited woman in her time, because land knows she's cert'nly lively in her present spear.

My wife didn't want to recognize her at first, but once she'd come—land! what could you do?

Right off, Aunt Sal made for the kitchen and begun rolling stovelsids around the floor.

Did you ever have a friend in the spirit spear whose specialty was stovelsids? Well, my advice is, Don't! It's about the most tryin' performance a deceased relative can execute. It racks everybody. There's nothing makes more noise than four stovelsids rolling from the sink to the pantry and back again by the woodbox, and bumping into every chair and table-leg on the floor.

Many a night I've got out of bed and come down expecting burglars just to see two round objects racing around that kitchen from the stove to the dishpans.

"Why, Aunt Sal," I've said, "you ain't got any right to act this way at night. We're glad to have you earlier in the evenin', and I want you to feel that you're always welcome and we don't begrutch you your fun, but can't you be just a little quieter?"

But you might just as well talk to a rain-storm as Aunt Sal. If you stopped the stovelsids she began on the dishes or tumbled over the candlesticks. So we've simply had to get used to her ways, and now she's like one of the family.

It was only a little after her interdiction that the Injun girl and Aunt Sal brought Grandpa Hicks.

He was connected with m' wife's family, too, and his particular hobby was blue lights. Seems to me he's the most interestin' of the lot because he don't make any noise, and it's as good as a Fourth of July watching him. You're settin' quiet in a chair, and all of a sudden a ball of blue light forms over on the clock and hangs to the pendulum. Then another one goes floating around in the air like a balloon or rolls over and over on the table.

The only time the old man is a bother is when you're settin' in the house and see a light in the barn windows as if the hay was burnin' up. But it's just Grandpa Hicks, and like as not he don't mean anything by it. I've tried to reason with Grandpa, but he simply won't listen. He just acts like a Roman candle when he's criticized.

Still we hadn't any reason to complain till Aunt Het come.

Between you and me I've kinda wished the Injun girl hadn't ever brought Aunt Het along, but now I suppose we've got to make the best of it. In one way she's real good because she don't kick up a row or burn blue fire or knock on the stove-pipe. Her peculiarity is appearin' full view and glidin' through the house. But like all the rest of 'em she has her drawback. She always goes around without any head.

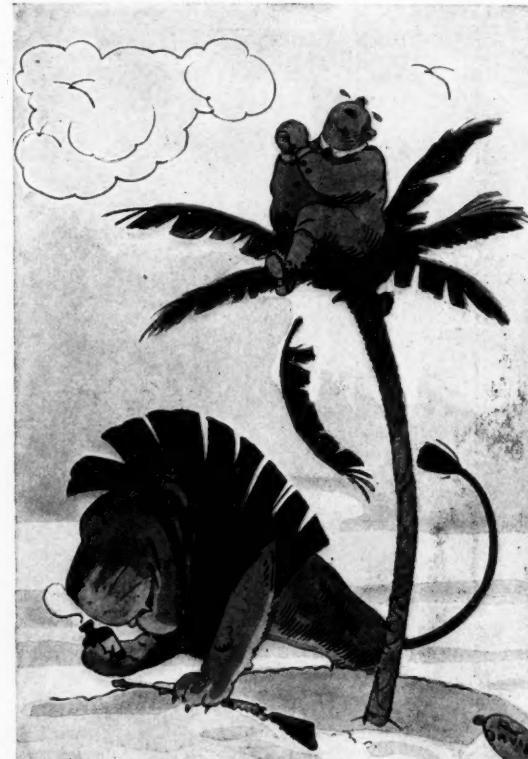
"Why, Aunt Het," I've said time and again, "I don't want to criticize one that's older than me, but it seems as if you might wear your head more. I'm sure it would n't be askin' too much of you to have it on Sunday nights, anyhow. Why, it looks sort of immodest the way you are."

But Aunt Het never says a word. She stalks by, and you hear a sound just as if the invisible head was grittin' its teeth.

And so, Mister, I dunno as I'd call it a haunted house, considerin'. As far as I'm concerned I'd just as lief live here forever. The little Injun girl's real companionable after you get to know her, and Aunt Sal don't mean any harm even if she does roll stovelsids.

Grandpa Hicks? Well, I suppose blue lights are just his way of having a good time, and if Aunt Het 'ud wear her head more I guess you could set us down as the happiest and hospitablest family in Dane County.

Horatio Winslow.



CORDIAL.

HUNGRY LION.—How thoughtful of him to bring this brandy. I always like a little after dining.

stove-pipe. Her peculiarity is appearin' full view and glidin' through the house. But like all the rest of 'em she has her drawback. She always goes around without any head.



HE GAVE HIMSELF A CHAFING DISH.



VISIONS OF COSY LITTLE SUPPERS.

LITERARY ASSISTANCE.

THEY sat on a big, roomy sofa, but he
Was afraid to space up any nearer;
He talked of his aims as writer, and she
Proved a very intelligent hearer.
"They tell me," (he said) "I'm diffuse; and I think
That perhaps I've a fault of digression."
"You have," said the maid, with a critical blink,
"You should study the art of compression."

F. Moxon.

UNCERTAINTY.

EVERY development of the system of insurance
means some more uncertainty abolished.
Is all uncertainty doomed, then? Quite possibly it is.
This was created a world of uncertainty, in
the view that character benefits where people are
kept guessing. But we've long outgrown the crude
notion that the making of character is of any con-
siderable importance as compared with eating and
getting rich quick.

The possibilities of insurance are not as yet so
much as suspected, let alone explored. Incredible as it may
seem, the day is probably coming when even a woman of

uncertain age will have but to take out the right policy
in order to become, by the elimination of all un-
certainty, younger than ever.

Ramsey Benson.

REALITY.

I've written stories by the score,
Of love and kin emotions;
But when I try to woo a girl
I've amateurish notions.
At first I thought it was my fault,
But now my firm conviction
Is that there are no girls at all
Like heroines of fiction.

Robert Hage.

THE BATTERY.

THERE HAD again been trouble in the O'Hagan
household, and O'Hagan had the word of
sympathy when he next met his neighbor.

"T is not much of a team ye make, ye and
yer woife," said O'Hagan.

"An' that's where ye're wrong," said
O'Hagan. "'T is the foine team we make en-
tirely. Me woife pitches an' Oi catches."



THE FIRST COSY LITTLE SUPPER.

PUCK

A RENEWED ACQUAINTANCE.

Mr. J. ESTABROOK EVELITH was sitting in his magnificently furnished private office on Broadway, cutting the coupons from some of his Government bonds, when he was informed by his private secretary that some one purporting to be an old friend of his wished to see him. Cutting off the coupons and a sudden rise that day in the value of six or eight million dollars' worth of stock he owned had put Mr. J. Estabrook Evelith into a mellower mood than common, and he said:

"Show him in."

A moment later Zack Peters of Hentown Crossroads was holding out a bony and brawny hand with signs of the toil and some of the soil of honest labor on it, and was saying heartily, with the fervor of a man who has achieved a long-cherished aspiration:

"Hel-lo, Ev'lith! Here I be, b'gum! I said I'd look you up if I ever come to the city, an' here I be. Reckon me, don't you?"

"I—I—beg your pardon, but—well, you see I meet so many people in the course of a year, and —"

"I reckon that's so. You don't reckon me, Zack Peters? Of course you do, Ev'lith!"

A resounding whack on the back of "Ev'lith" accompanied this joyful outburst, and the rather frail

"Ev'lith" winced as he said, with a note of resentment in his voice:

"I do not remember that —"

"Aw, come off, Ev'lith! You reckon me that day last summer when you an' a lot o' other town purps, as we call 'em up our way, come along in a big, red, stinkin' towering automobile lookin' fer some good fishin', an' I—I see the light o' intelligence comin' into your face! Yep, Ev'lith, I'm the identical Zack Peters that dug your wums that day an' went with you up to Wildcat Bluffs an' baited yer hooks an' helped yer fish all day. Reckon me?"

"I think I do, but —"

"Come off, Ev'lith! You don't 'think' no such blamed thing! You know you reckon me all about it, an' you fellers that gimme two dollars an' a half an' a bottle o' you know what, an' told me that if ever I come to town to look you up, an' here I be. How's that big fat squab named Van Brandenburg that fell off the bank kerslap into the water? Didn't we whoop it up a-laffin' over that? Thought I'd never git over it. I mean to go 'round to his house an' rig him 'bout that! You reckon me how —"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Peters, but —"

"Aw, say, Ev'lith, cut out the Mister. Call me plain Zack like you did that day! No use in old acquaintances an' friends standin' on ceremony! I've come to stay a week, an' thought I'd put up with you now, two or three days, an' with Van Brandenburg a day or two, an' spend the rest o' the time with that little runt of a chap that was with us boys that day named De Courcy. You reckon me I agreed to visit all o' you,



POT LUCK.

an' I don't want to cause no hard feelin's by stayin' longer with one nor the other. Needn't put yourself out none for me. Tuck me away any place in yer city shebang, an' tell yer wife jess to lay down an extra plate at the table an' not to waste no time in the kitchen fixin' up gimcracks fer me. I brung her a couple o' dozen ginnywine fresh aigs, such as I bet you don't git in the city, a jar o' plum sass my wife makes to perfection, and a gallon o' cider made out of our own apples."

"I am sorry, but —"

"No 'pologies needed, Ev'lith! Of course, when a feller springs a surprise on you as I have he expects to take you jess as he finds you. Now, I want to leave my carpet-bag an' these boxes here while I go out an' buy me a New York b'iled shirt to rig up in. I'll be back by noon, so as to go home with you, an' if—want to run out an' have a glass o' sody or ginger-pop with me? No? Well, we'll git one later. Wish yo'd ruther keep yer eye on my traps. I'll be back before noon. And don't you go digging into that cider all alone by yourself on the quiet. You save it till we all git together; me and you and De Courcy and Van Brandenburg. Ta, ta, ta, Ev'lith!"

He gave "Ev'lith" a dig in the ribs with his thumb and was off.

"See here!" said Evelith to his secretary. "When that jay comes back, you tell him that a telegram has called me out of the city for ten days, and if you want to keep your job you'll see to it that he doesn't get hold of me again. Understand?"

THE REPLY.

"YOU GAVE Borrowby a negative reply?"

"Yes, and a positive one, too!"

WHICH?

"PAW!"

"Well!"

"Paw, which came first, bald heads or hair-restorers?"

SURE SIGN.

"SOMEBODY must be ill at Dr. Gay-boy's house."

"Why?"

"Saw him going there to-day!"



RETRIBUTION.

THOMAS THE WIDOWER.—Merciful Catnip! This is what I get for abusing my wife! The ghosts of her nine lives have come to haunt me!

The kindest thing you can say of some men is that they missed their vocation.



CHRISTMAS ACCORDING TO WATTEAU.

G

THE GIRL UNRECOMMENDED.

IRLS AND GIRLS. During the course of your highly tragic life (all lives are supposed to be highly tragic) you have met them all, as you supposed.

There was the accomplished girl,—the girl who could talk French and German like a native, who could play on the piano as if it were a part of her, who could sing like a nightingale. Such a girl, you are told, would be a queen anywhere, and when you are brought up, like a lamb to the slaughter, you tremble more than any captive before the mightiest tyrant of old.

Then there is the desperate flirt, who has the reputation of always carrying it off. Her conquests appal you. Every day she slays her tens of thousands. And you too are vanquished—at least for a time—when you recover like the rest, and go on your way rejoicing.

There is the girl whose beauty is almost an international affair. To get near her is like being a depositor in a bank upon which there is a run. You always seem to be the last man in line.

There are others,—girls of all grades, girls who have come to you with every species of recommendation under the sun; girls you have heard about, and read about, and been told about; girls with traits—the stylish girl, the *spirituelle* girl, the *svelte* girl, the hearty-rollicky-good-fellow girl, the kind, the lovable, the sympathetic, the cruel, the heartless, and the irresistible girl.

And then, some day, when you are thinking about these other

girls; when your mind and what there is left of your heart is dwelling on them; when you are flirting with them, talking with them, walking, and singing, and Maying, and playing, and riding, and fencing, and golfing, or, occupied with your own affairs, you are only thinking of them, who should come along but *this* girl—the girl who carries with her no recommendation, who comes unheralded and unsung, and whom you have never heard of before.

It is a most singular thing about this girl. You think about it long after, and wonder.

She has no accomplishments—or at least none that you know or care about.

Is she beautiful? You do not know. You have never had time to ask the question. Probably not—to others. The only thing that you are proud of is the fact that she is secretly beautiful to you in a way that no one else knows about. And this is eminently satisfactory.

No one else knows about her. No one else has found out. Talk about the mysteries of life—there's one for you! That she should have gone on all this time, and only yourself in the whole world should have discovered her. Could anything be more wonderful?

Think of it! This girl without a single, solitary recommendation from anyone,—unheralded, unknown, unproclaimed—to think that, after all, she is *the* girl!

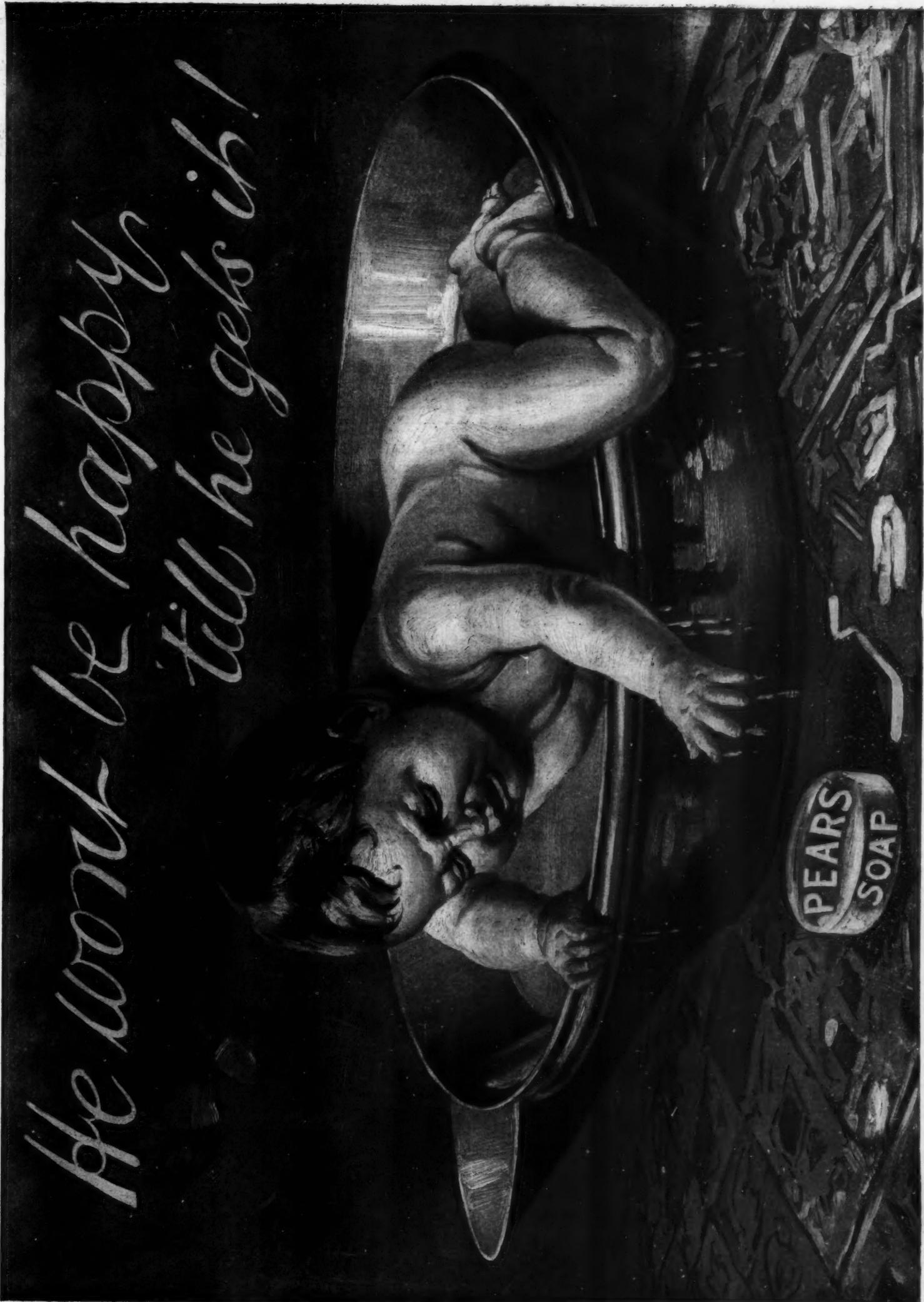
It's great, isn't it?

T. L. M.



The laughter lovers seek the door;
Faint rings the final Christmas glee;
And guttered to their very core
The candles die upon the tree.

So ends the mirth, so ends the feast,
And so depart the merry men
To cry South, North, and West, and East
"Glückauf! till Christmas Nineteen Ten."



He won't be happy
till he gets it!

PEARS
SOAP

"All rights reserved."

If the man behind the counter

of the corner cigar store were to say to you: "Buy this box of cigars, smoke ten of them, and if you don't like them bring back the remaining cigars and get all your money, and no charge for the ten smoked," you'd be pretty well convinced of his faith in the cigars he was selling and you'd probably buy.

But the man in the corner store does n't do business that way.

Now, I want to make you that very offer—with this exception—that I don't want you to pay for the cigars until after you've smoked the ten. *Here is my offer in full as I've stated it for seven years:*

I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *Puck*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

On that offer I have built a large business extending into every State and Territory of the Union. My business grows by reason of repeat orders—eighty-five per cent of the cigars I sell are shipped on repeat orders.

Every cigar is made right here in my own factory (and it is not a small affair, but a full size business building in the business heart of Philadelphia) and I know that the filler is all clean, straight, long Havana, grown on the island of Cuba, and the wrapper genuine Sumatra. The cigars are hand-made by skilled workmen in a clean, sanitary factory. That's why I know that my cigars will stand this offer.

In ordering, please enclose business card or send personal references, and state which you prefer—light, medium or dark cigars.

MY BOOK FREE—it tells a lot of things about tobacco, cigars and smoking in general that every man should know. Write for it.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

921 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



FORTUNE-TELLER.—You will be very poor until you are thirty-five years of age.

IMPECUNIOUS POET (*eagerly*).—And after then?

FORTUNE-TELLER.—You will get used to it.—*The Sketch*.

CONFIDENCE MAN.—Why, how do you do, Mr. Wilson. I met you last—

WESTERNER.—See here, young fellow, my name ain't Wilson. My name's John Jones alias Pete Rodney, alias Jim Hall, alias Joe Peters. So you better move on.—*Western Times*.

FATHER.—Bobby, I'm surprised to see you crying because a bee stung you. Brace up and act like a man.

BOBBY.—Y-yes; an' then y-you'd gimme a l-lickin'. Y-you told me w-what you'd do to me if you e-ever heard me u-usin' that kind of l-languag.—*Chicago Daily News*.

MODEST AMBITION.

KICKER.—Would n't you like to be so famous that people would restore your birthplace?

BOCKER.—I'd be content if I could make the landlord repaper my present flat.—*The Sun*.

TOMMIE'S GUESS.

TEACHER.—B-a-i-t; what does that spell?

TOMMIE.—Don't know, ma'am.

TEACHER.—Why, what do you catch fish with?

TOMMIE.—Oh, worms! — *Yonkers Statesman*.

"WHY did that picture cost so much?"

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "to tell you the truth, I have an idea it's because the dealer who sold it to me is a good business man."—*Washington Evening Star*.

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A gift that will please every man.

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These beautiful garters are made up with ribbed silk webbing and silk pad, with handsome interwoven design in contrasting colors.

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Colors: black, blue, white, gray and green. Sent to any address upon receipt of price, \$1.00. State choice of colors.

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"PLACED your order for an aeroplane yet?"

"No; I'm waiting to find out what the 1910 style of house-mortgage is going to be."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"How do you tell bad eggs?" queried the young housewife.

"I never told any," replied the grocer, "but if I had anything to tell a bad egg, I'd break it gently."—*Spare Moments*.

"You're a bum driver," says one chauffeur.

"Say," says the other, "what I know about automobiles would fill a library."

"Yes, and what you don't know about 'em would fill a morgue."—*Boston Transcript*.

"DID you ever stop to think, my dear," said Mr. Micawber, gazing at his plate of lobster salad, "that the things which we love most in this life are the very things that never agree with us?"

"Will you be so kind," said Mrs. Micawber, straightening up, "as to tell me whether you are speaking of the salad or of me, sir?"—*Tit-Bits*.

KREMENTZ

COLLAR BUTTONS For every special need of the particular man.

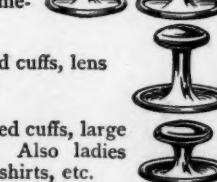
Shirt front, round or lens shaped heads, short shank.



Shirt collar front, lens or round heads, long shank.



Back of neck, extended head to hold scarf, or lens shaped head, medium shank.



Sleeves with detached cuffs, lens shaped, long shank.

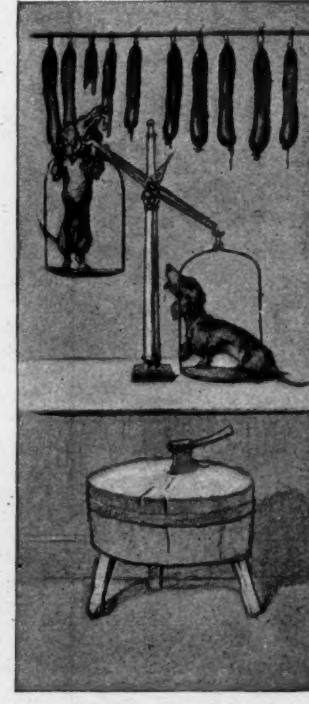
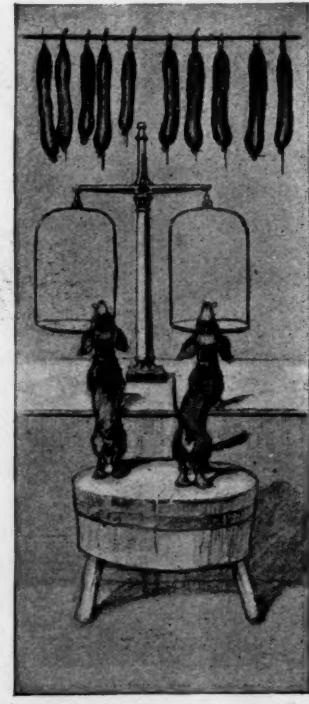
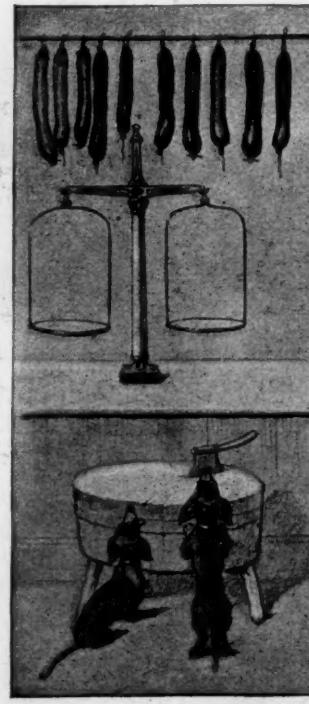


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A Safe Gift to Him

There seems to be inborn in every man a love for good firearms. When the annual Christmas question, "What shall I give him?" comes around, it is always safe to decide upon the

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It is so perfect and so safe that as many Iver Johnsons are being sold as of all other makes combined. It's the best house and office weapon, and the best for the pocket. If the hammer hits against the top of the bureau-drawer, or catches in the pocket, the revolver cannot discharge. In fact you can "Hammer the Hammer" without fear of accidental discharge. But pull the trigger and it shoots quick and true.

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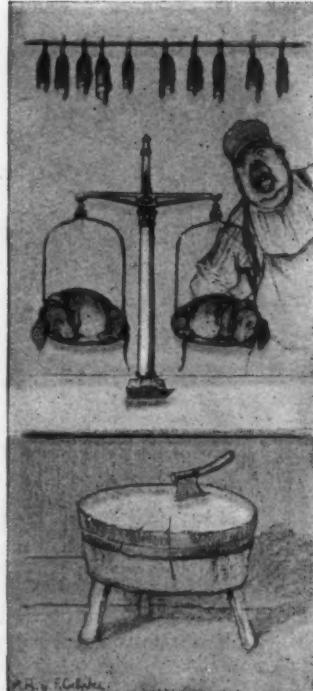
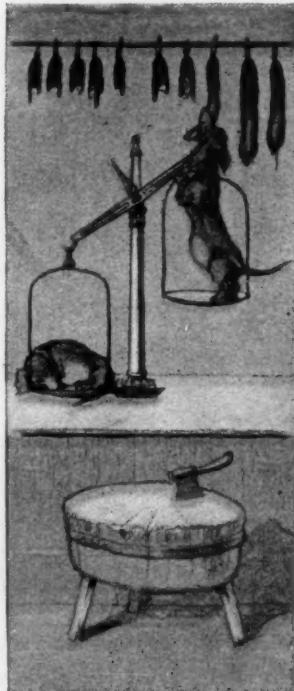
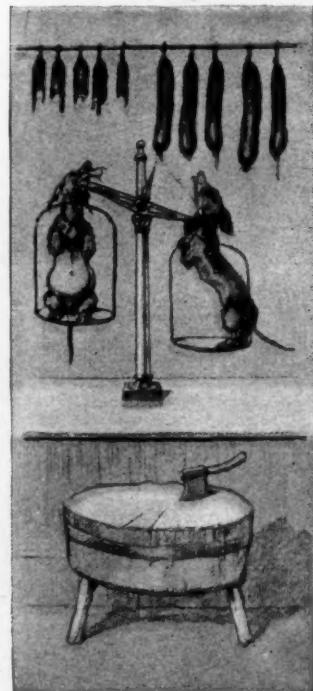
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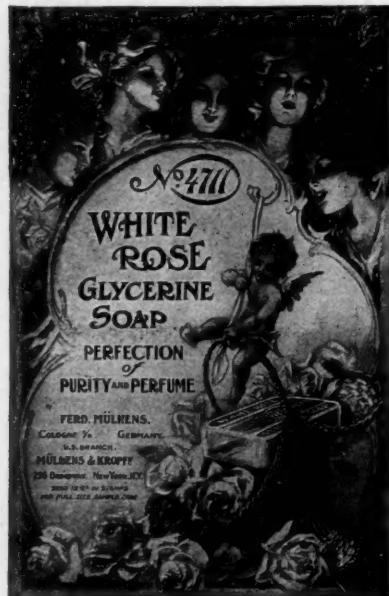
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"shows class."

CAMBRIDGE 25c.
regular size

AMBASSADOR 35c.
after-dinner size



"The Little
Brown Box"



NO LET-UP.

"There's the devil to pay at my house."

"Better go to church, then."

"Well, there's the preacher to pay."

—Atlanta Constitution.

EXAMINER.—Now, children, what is the difference between "pro" and "con"?

BRIGHT BOY.—Please, sir, they are spelt different.—Punch.



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For
Everybody

A barrel containing 10 doz. bottles
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Its exquisite flavor and superiority over other and more expensive brands make it the favorite beverage of the American people. Invariably selected by clubmen and connoisseurs who know quality and unhesitatingly choose it on all occasions. GOLD SEAL CHAMPAGNE is made in this country by the French process from the most luscious grapes. Equal to any imported champagne without paying the import duty. Two kinds—Special Dry and Brut. Sold by all leading grocers and wine merchants.

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10¢, 25¢, 50¢, & \$1.00 Bottles.



"MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN."

—Lustige Woche.

TRUE MORAL COURAGE.

"Jinks is a man with courage enough to say 'No.'"

"How do you happen to be aware of that?"

"I saw him stand up to the bar with a bunch of friends last night."

"And when they asked him to take a drink he said 'No'?"

"Not exactly. When they asked him to have a seltzer he said 'No.'—St. Louis Star.

FRILLS.

MRS. CRABSHAW.—The new girl I have said she had taken a course in domestic science.

MRS. CRAWFORD.—Is she different from the other girls you had?

MRS. CRABSHAW.—Only in one way: she wanted five dollars a month more.—Lippincott's.

A GIRL from St. Louis, Mo.,
Was seized with a terrible fo.,
She killed about three,
But got off scot free,
For her looks made a hit with the jo.
—Columbia Jester.

"REMEMBER, son," said Uncle Eben,
"you mus' have judgment as well as
enthusiasm. Good intentions is
responsible fo' some o' de worst singin'
in de choir."—Washington Star.

"GEE!" said the observing small
boy, "when I grow up I'm going
after a political job!"

"What for?" asked the man.

"So's I can go to the ball games
every afternoon," he replied.—Detroit
Free Press.

MR. BROWN.—I had a queer dream
last night. I thought I saw another
man running off with you.

MRS. BROWN.—And what did you
say to him?

MR. BROWN.—I asked him what he
was running for?—Stray Stories.

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There is only one uniformly excellent whiskey—a whiskey that for a hundred years and more has been recognized as always good and pure.

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In the world of commerce, whiskey has its place. We do not cater to men who drink

whiskey immoderately. Our great trade is among men who are judges of fine liquor and who drink it in moderation and know that it's good for them.

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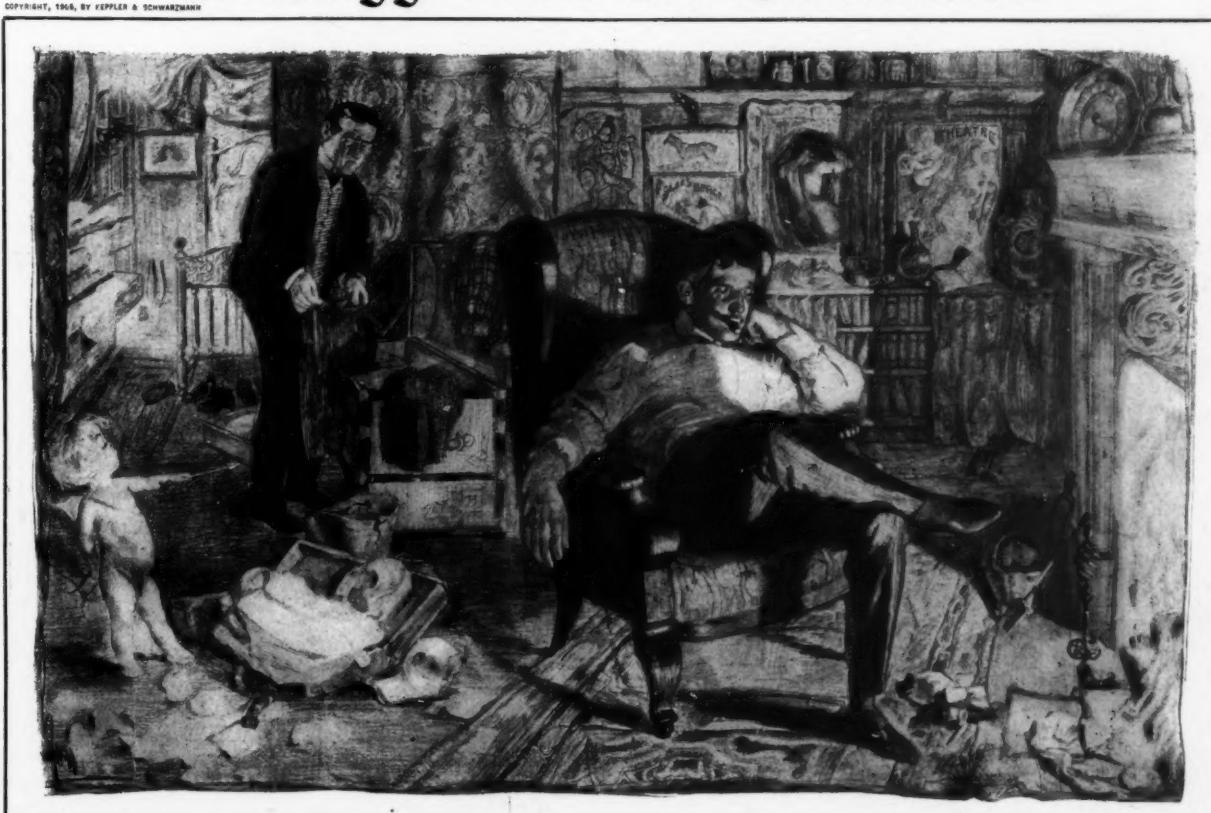
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